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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1911.

The Week

The reciprocity victory in the Senate has so long been fully assured that the expression of the President's sentiments on the subject are more interesting than the announcement of the vote. His statement displays the extraordinary frankness which he has so often before exhibited; indeed, at one point it goes beyond mere candor and assumes a character of chivalrous generosity. We cannot recall another instance of a man in his position making the kind of acknowledgment of the merits of the party opposed to his own which President Taft says he feels called upon to make because otherwise he should be "wanting in straightforward speaking." He not merely acknowledges the obvious fact that without the steadfast coöperation of the Democrats the achievement of reciprocity would have been impossible; but he sets it down in plain black and white that they resisted all temptations to "play politics"—i. e., to get credit for a pro-reciprocity record while creating a situation which would have resulted in a failure of reciprocity, with the burden of that failure on the President's shoulders. "They followed," says the President, "the dictates of a higher policy." All praise to the Democratic leaders who have earned this encomium for their party; and all praise to President Taft for his ungrudging and unqualified bestowal of it.

The President remarks that the bill was a non-partisan measure only "in a sense," because "the Republicans who voted for it probably did so on one economic theory and the Democrats who voted for it on another." This is certainly true if the Republicans who followed Mr. Taft's lead in their votes went with him also in their thoughts. The President is simply the continuator of a movement within the Republican party which goes back at least to the days of Mr. Blaine, and which found expression in the last public utterance of President McKinley. It is summed up in the designation of reciprocity as "the hand-maiden of protection." Blaine felt

this so strongly that he looked upon the failure of Congress to recognize the hand-maiden as a portent of the imminent fall of the mistress; McKinley was later in coming to this view, but his Buffalo speech just before the assassination clearly foreshadowed his intention to urge it upon the country. And yet we are far from feeling sure that it will prove, in the long run, a correct view. Upon the supposition, indeed, that it is a mistaken view, the Democrats have been acting—and this doubtless Mr. Taft had in mind in the remark above quoted. Mr. Underwood and the House majority under his lead desire reciprocity with Canada not only as a thing desirable in itself, but even more because they feel that it will prove to be a wedge driven into the protective system as a whole. They see no reason to think that the country will be long content with the removal of burdens upon trade in one direction, when equally potent reasons exist for obtaining similar relief all round the map. But it does not follow that the Republicans who voted for reciprocity were wrong from their own point of view. The fact is, standpattism had become impossible; it was necessary to yield somewhere, and it is quite possible that the place where the yielding was calculated to be least threatening to the high-tariff structure was just the place Mr. Taft chose—reciprocity with Canada.

President Taft and Secretary Knox did well to assure the Cubans that Mr. Stimson's visit to the island does not mean annexation or intervention. That by this action Mr. Taft again strengthens the hands of President Gomez was as unavoidable as it is unfortunate. The opponents of the present corrupt régime have been alleging that if Gomez continued his present methods, or should be reëlected, intervention would inevitably follow. We are inclined to think that they are substantially correct; that a continuance of the Gomez régime would be so intolerable as to cause a revolt, and that intervention would again become necessary. It is idle to blink the fact that conditions are very bad in Cuba. The President is openly charged with peculation and grafting, and retorts upon his enemies by offering

to let them examine his bank accounts—as if that would be convincing. The truth is that Gomez has no one's respect save that of those who profit by being of his *entourage*.

Careful reading of the decisions handed down Monday by the Interstate Commerce Commission on the long and short-haul cases leads to the conclusion that the real basis of complaint lies in the suppression by the railways of water competition. "A shipper," Commissioner Lane says, "finds it difficult to reconcile himself to paying \$500 a car for the transportation of a carload of merchandise to his own city when that same carload will be carried from the same point of origin through his city to a point 500 miles beyond for \$300." The cheaper rate, it is explained, was made primarily to meet water competition. But the question is then asked: "Has there been real competition between rail and water carriers, and what has been its effect?" According to Commissioner Lane, as the result of a bitter struggle between the railways and independent steamship lines lasting for twenty-five years, "one water route after another has been rendered innocuous. . . . After the railroad lines had killed off the San Francisco merchants' steamship line, losing thereby several million dollars, they came to an agreement with their Eastern connections as to a new basis of divisions and a new scheme of rate-making." Since the new system of rate-making has been applied, "rates which are said to be less than reasonable because compelled by ocean competition are made from points where we can find no such competition." In the meantime, according to Commissioner Lane, "the rate to-day from the Missouri River to the Pacific Coast is 90 cents higher first class, 85 cents second class, 80 cents third class, than it was nearly twenty-five years ago." The railways are ordered to readjust their long and short-haul rates now for the reason that the all-rail lines "must soon meet a competition by water more intense than any that they have heretofore suffered, for within three years another route, one more important, searching, and determinative in its effect upon railroad rates than any other, will be

opened—a route all-water by way of the Panama Canal."

The fight over the reorganization of the Pennsylvania Democracy resulted in a split at the meeting of the State Central Committee at Harrisburg, where two conventions met and elected rival State chairmen. The "reorganizers," or anti-Guffey faction, virtually ratified the recent action of the Committee of Seven, which deposed Col. Guffey as national committeeman. The outcome of the split is likely to be a resort to the courts. But this is the least important result to be expected. What the Democratic party of Pennsylvania needs is leadership which looks after the party instead of after the leaders. This is especially true in Philadelphia, but it is not to be denied that Col. Guffey's liberality in financing campaigns has been of immense influence in keeping him at the head of the party in the State. If a split will arouse the voters to take a proper interest in their primaries, it will have been well worth while for its effect upon the morale of the party. Nobody knows just how much the Democrats of Pennsylvania could do under the right leadership. Meanwhile, the interesting fact stands out that the two factions agreed in endorsing Woodrow Wilson for President, and promised him the sixty-eight delegates from Pennsylvania.

Gov. Colquitt's prediction that Texas would give a majority of 100,000 against the prohibition amendment to the State Constitution is only something like 95,000 out of the way. The interest in the contest is vividly shown by the large vote polled, the 475,000 mark having been exceeded but once, in the Presidential election of 1896. The prohibition wave that has been sweeping over the South was halted in Florida last November; but, even though the figures from Texas show only a small majority against the amendment, they will be taken as a forecast of victory at the next contest. The character of this whole movement for State-wide prohibition in the South is not so revolutionary as at first sight appears, since large areas of these States have long been under prohibition, through the operation of county or some other form of local option. This fact, however, points strongly toward the ul-

timate success of the State-wide propaganda in such a State as Texas. There can be little doubt that the South of today wants prohibition. Whether Maine is going to continue her Constitutional disbarment of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants will be determined in September. It is pointed out that annulment of this article will not necessarily mean repeal of the statutory provisions against the traffic, but it will certainly indicate a change in public sentiment that would put them in peril.

The centre of population in the United States moved westward a distance of thirty-one miles during the last decade. According to calculations made by the geographer of the Census Bureau, this interesting, if imaginary, nucleus is situated $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Unionville, Monroe County, Indiana. For three decades that proud distinction has now fallen to Indiana, which is certain to retain the trophy for another ten years, since Unionville, at a rough estimate, must be at least seventy-five miles from the Wabash. The location of the population centres at each previous census has been as follows:

Census years.	Westward movement in miles.
1790—23 miles east of Baltimore, Md.	
1800—18 miles west of Baltimore, Md.	41
1810—40 miles northwest by west of Washington, D. C.	36
1820—16 miles north of Woodstock, Va.	50
1830—19 miles west-southwest of Moorefield, in the present State of West Virginia	39
1840—16 miles south of Clarksburg, in the present State of West Virginia	55
1850—23 miles southeast of Parkersburg, in the present State of West Virginia	55
1860—20 miles south of Chillicothe, O.	81
1870—48 miles east by north of Cincinnati, O.	42
1880—8 miles west by south of Cincinnati, O.	58
1890—20 miles east of Columbus, Ind.	48
1900—6 miles southeast of Columbus, Ind.	44

The Sugar Trust joins the Steel Trust in testifying that there is an excellent cure for dropsy. Neither corporation has the slightest objection to admitting, under oath, that when it first began doing business a decade ago there may have been a good deal of water in its system; ahem, yes, it recalls now that there was a good deal of water. But it is equally confident that the water has all been squeezed out and that the bondholders and stockholders nowadays revel in a delightful state of desicca-

tion. It may be academic to speculate on what has been, but one cannot help trying to picture just what this anti-dropsy process could have been. The Steel Trust tapped itself into health by investing accumulated profits. The Sugar Trust probably pursued similar drainage methods, supplemented by such secret transfusion from the United States Treasury as the Custom House people have laid bare. In any case the squeezing-out process must have been carried on at the expense of the ultimate consumer and the original stockholder. This fact may well be kept in mind for reference whenever the Trusts are tempted to expatiate upon their new-born virtue.

The importance of the Universal Races Congress which opened in London on Wednesday of this week cannot be overestimated. It is the first time that representatives of the various races have come together on one platform to discuss their future relations on a scientific basis and in the spirit of mutual self-respect. The contraction of the world through the development of new means of communication has made it plain that already the East and the West are cheek by jowl. If the world is going to act on Mr. Kipling's theory that the East and West must always be twain, the world is laying up for itself an infinite amount of trouble, friction, and ill-feeling. This week's Congress is planned to combat just that sort of thing, and to spread information about the mental attitude and aspirations of the various races, the lack of which is responsible for most of today's misunderstandings. Significant, too, is the purpose of this Congress to discuss these relationships in the "light of the modern conscience." The conscience of past times construed its duties toward races of other colors as a call to rob, steal, murder, and rape—one has only to go back to that Christian expedition of 1900 to the relief of Peking for confirmation of this. The steadily rising power of the Orientals is plainest proof that this sort of thing must stop; that the doom of imperialistic control of the "lesser breeds" is sealed.

The tumultuous and surprising scenes in the House of Commons show nothing as to the ultimate strength of the last-

ditch men in the Unionist party, but it does testify to one thing as to which there had been a want of clear evidence. Again and again, during the development of the Constitutional crisis now drawing to its climax, observers and journalists have been struck with the apparent absence of any feeling in the nation at all commensurate in intensity or volume with the momentous character of the impending change. The obstreperous protests of the last-ditchers go far to show that there has been vastly more feeling on the subject than has appeared on the surface. English members of Parliament do not howl down a Prime Minister in the House of Commons simply because they feel like making a row, or even because their own personal sentiments are offended by his position. Their act is unquestionably a reflection of a state of feeling shared by a large proportion of those whose suffrages they represent.

It must be evident, however, to every responsible leader in the Unionist councils that the party can afford very little of this sort of thing. Of all parties, the Conservative is that which can least afford to present to the country the spectacle of falling back on noise and lawlessness to accomplish that which it had failed to compass by a Constitutional appeal to the electorate. To emulate the Irish Nationalists, in refusal either to acknowledge the sanctions of majority government or to observe the proprieties of Parliamentary conduct, would be a sorry and ridiculous rôle for those whose paramount claim to public support lies in their identification with the preservation of the great tradition of British government. They had their chance, and failed to rise to its possibilities; it is for them now to turn to the future with the resolution of men who acknowledge defeat, but neither admit nor court destruction. They are the second party in the State—a second party to-day which may be the first party to-morrow. To act as though they had no future would be the real surrender.

The presentation of details, as distinguished from mere general averages, of vital statistics, is worth while every now and then. Other things being equal, of course the lower the death rate the better the health conditions; but other things are frequently enor-

mously unequal. In the first place, communities differ widely in having rapidly growing or comparatively stationary populations; and the more rapidly growing population (again, other things being equal) gives a lower death rate on the face of things, although the actual mean length of life is the same. And, secondly, the distribution of ages is very different in different communities. This last consideration is suggested with great vividness by such figures as those of the British Registrar-General, a summary of which, for the first quarter of the present year, was recently given in *Science*. From these it appears that the death rate in England and Wales for persons between the ages of 1 and 65 was only 8.7 per 1,000, while for the whole population it was 15.4 per 1,000. The contrast would, of course, have been still greater if 2 and 60 had been taken as the limiting ages, instead of 1 and 65.

Aside from the statistical interest of these British figures, they present that particular feature of human interest which one has come to expect as almost a matter of course in modern mortality data, and which is as gratifying as it is habitual. The deaths among children under one year of age were, for the quarter in question, at the rate of 115 per 1,000 per annum, which is 15 per 1,000 less than the average rate for the corresponding quarter of the preceding ten years. Those who are striving to eradicate the causes of avoidable infant mortality have a right to feel that, now for many years, and in probably every civilized country, their efforts have resulted in a degree of constant and marked success such as seldom attends on humanitarian effort. In New York, this improvement goes steadily on. If we turn back to the figures of 1890, confining ourselves to Manhattan and the Bronx, which then constituted the whole city, we find the infantile death rate (children under one year) to have averaged, in successive five-year periods, 227, 191, 169, 154. Thus, in the quinquennial period 1906-10, the death rate among New York children was less by almost exactly one-third than in the period 1891-5.

The prospect is that an arbitration treaty with France will be signed at about the same time as the treaty with

Great Britain. Actually, the agreement with France encounters no such obstacle as the British treaty is bound to encounter from the considerable body of opinion in this country that is hostile to the English Government. It may be easy enough to discount the value of the arrangement with France on the ground that no imaginable cause of serious quarrel between the two nations exists. A treaty with France may have less present importance than one with Germany and Japan. But the essence of the matter is that the two nations, in concluding a treaty of arbitration, thereby express their hope and desire that the friendship now existing shall never be broken. It is preferring prevention to cure. Any untoward incident arising between this country and France, under present conditions might or might not lead to trouble. An untoward incident arising after the conclusion of an arbitration treaty loses from the beginning half its capacity to do mischief.

When a famine occurs in China, our foreign mission and other agencies bestir themselves, collect money, buy grain, send it to the districts where it is needed, and then we hear no more of that particular famine. We know, nevertheless, that there will be others, as there have been with disheartening regularity for fifteen hundred years. It is therefore encouraging to read of an awakening of the sense of responsibility in connection with such occurrences among Chinese officials, who are reported to have engaged in the work of relief in the last famine with unusual readiness. Their change of attitude in this respect is due, apparently, to the force of outside public opinion, to which they are becoming increasingly sensitive. One governor, indeed, refused to allow supplies to pass through his province, but he seems to stand in unenviable loneliness. What is really required, however, is not merely a willingness to facilitate distribution of alms, but comprehensive systems of public works, including the dredging of rivers, the building of bridges, the draining of low lands, and the banking of lakes. The cost of such undertakings would be enormous, but what may be achieved is shown by the Punjab of India, converted from the poorest province to one of the richest by just such far-sighted, ungrudging expenditure.

THE WILEY IMBROGLIO.

It has come to look pretty clear that the real problem before the President in connection with the Wiley affair is how to let it drop with the least amount of disturbance and inconvenience. This does not imply that he will decide the matter without looking into its merits. His decision will not be made until he has personally examined the record. But it requires neither a gift of divination nor a preternatural command of legal intricacies to predict with a great degree of confidence that the recommendation made by the personnel board of the Department of Agriculture, and approved by Attorney-General Wickersham, will not be followed by Mr. Taft. Every day that has passed since that recommendation was made has furthered the belief that the punishment proposed is utterly disproportionate to the alleged offence—even supposing that offence to have been of precisely the character asserted; and has deepened the impression that the President is as well aware of this as anybody else. The Washington news, in papers of all opinions, has been steadily pointing in the direction of a smoothing over of the affair—not for Dr. Wiley, but for Mr. Wickersham.

Before the matter goes further, and the initial stages of it become hazy in the public mind, it is well to recall just what Attorney-General Wickersham did in the case. The personnel board of the Department of Agriculture had found that in the arrangement made by Dr. Wiley with Professor Rusby, an eminent pharmacological expert, the terms of a law limiting the compensation of experts employed by the Agricultural Department were violated. It was not alleged by anybody that Professor Rusby had been overpaid for his work; it was not alleged by anybody that Dr. Wiley's object in procuring his services was anything but that of getting the best possible results for the government. The charge was simply that the law made \$4,000 a year the maximum pay for an expert, which, it had been decided, meant not more than \$11 a day, and that Dr. Wiley had made an arrangement for an annual compensation of \$1,600 to Professor Rusby, in such a way as to result in his getting a *per diem* compensation greater than this obviously inadequate amount. Now,

nobody would have complained if Mr. Wickersham had informed the President that this was a violation of the law. Nobody would have found fault with him if he had expressed his opinion that such violation was a serious matter. But when he went outside his province as a lawyer and told the President that in his judgment this disregard of a peculiar regulation, in so small a matter, and without the slightest suspicion of bad motive, was reason for approving a recommendation calling for the resignation of a faithful and exceptionally able public servant, he invited just such criticism as that to which he has been subjected.

In deprecation of such criticism, the curious excuse is now offered that Mr. Wickersham's report was not intended to be made public, but was designed solely for the President's private information and guidance. This may be a good point for Mr. Taft himself to fall back upon, but it is difficult to see how it can do anything for Mr. Wickersham. If the report was one for the President's private ear, the President might, to be sure, throw it into the waste-paper basket; but that cannot have been the purpose for which it was originally destined. So far as in him lay, Mr. Wickersham backed up the personnel board's recommendation; and it is impossible to see wherein there is any less demerit in the advice to do an act of injustice because the advice was given in secret. To most minds, we fancy, that is an aggravation of such an offence, not an extenuation. And it is impossible not to recall the fact that in the unhappy muddle over the Lawler memorandum in the Ballinger case, in which Mr. Wickersham bore a conspicuous part, a bungling policy of secrecy was responsible for the worst of the trouble.

There is another analogy between the present affair and that of the Ballinger-Cunningham-Pinchot difficulty. In this case, as in that, the subject presents two phases; in this case, as in that, everything depends upon maintaining a sense of proportion between these phases. There is the view of the mere lawyer and the mere disciplinarian; there is the view of the man responsible for large and difficult affairs. It is not necessary to ignore the requirements of law or even the exactions of red tape in order to do justice to the larger

things. But it is one thing to insist that even the most zealous and well-intentioned of officers must obey the law; it is quite another thing to permit the enemies that are constantly made by such officers to seize upon little errors, or technicalities, or violations even of official etiquette, as a means of getting them out of the way. Such work as that of fighting land thieves or food adulterators demands enthusiastic zeal and inexhaustible energy; if you are going to make the situation impossible for a man who has these qualities unless he combines with them an immaculate record upon every technical point, you might as well surrender at once to the land-grabbers and the adulterators. And it is because the plain people understand this that they insist upon having any such affair as the Ballinger case or the Wiley case uncovered from top to bottom. Any attempt to confine it within narrow or technical bounds is sure to fail.

THE MOROCCAN DIFFICULTY.

In face of a situation like that which at present involves Germany, France, and Great Britain in Morocco, the trained European diplomat suffers largely from the same disadvantage as the remote observer on this side of the Atlantic. Everybody finds it hard to get accustomed to the tone of German diplomacy. Whether Germany is determined to go to war or whether she has not the slightest intention to do so, she has a way of putting things that rasps the nerves of the nations. The bear who killed his master in driving the flies from his face might have evinced the same innocent surprise that German diplomats and the German press frequently display on the aftermath of an international crisis. It is the same innocent wonder which the Kaiser used to evince after his most startling speeches. Are you really frightened because we rattle the sabre and growl? Why, we only meant that we should like to talk things over with you in a neighborly fashion. Germany's bitter complaint is that she is constantly misunderstood.

That is the situation to-day. Things in Morocco may be very serious, or the cause of the trouble may not be Morocco at all. There is no telling from the German attitude in the matter. As a matter of fact, different interpretations

of that attitude have been made. So competent an authority on foreign politics as the *Paris Temps* believes that the Kaiser's purpose is simply to force the French Government into being friendly. Two years ago the French and the German Foreign Office were in amicable communication. A treaty concerning Morocco had been concluded which was regarded as putting matters on a lasting basis, and as opening the way to a readjustment of Franco-German relations elsewhere on a permanent and friendly footing. Parliamentary politics in France brought about a rupture of negotiations. Other than domestic causes were probably at work. The German policy in the matter of the seizure of Bosnia-Herzegovina by Austria naturally bred irritation in France. Russia's partial recuperation from her Manchurian experiences may have stiffened the attitude of her French ally. In any case, negotiations between Paris and Berlin did come to a stop, and Germany, to show her dissatisfaction, went to Agadir.

This is a view of the matter that can be defended by Germany's procedure in the past, and one that is quite reconcilable with the tone and substance of Lloyd George's warning. In 1905 Germany used Morocco as a means, first, of testing the friendship between France and Great Britain, and secondly, of protesting against the policy of isolation which she thought was being put into play against her. The test was successful in both respects. England stood manfully by the French Government. But the French Government in turn was not willing to face war in support of M. Delcassé's anti-German policy. Delcassé had to go. It can be no mere coincidence that this second challenge over Morocco should come at a moment when M. Delcassé is once more a Cabinet Minister. He is not the official Minister of Foreign Affairs, but there can be little doubt that his hand is felt in shaping France's foreign policy. England has done now what she did in 1905; she has pledged her support in unmistakable terms to the French Government. Whether the year 1905 shall repeat itself completely and M. Delcassé be sent once more into retirement, is probably one of the questions the French Government is now called upon to answer.

The situation would be really serious if we were absolutely sure that Ger-

many, as has been rumored, has made a demand for a huge slice of French territory in the Congo as compensation for Morocco. Such a demand, insisted upon, would mean that Africa was no longer used as a pawn in European politics, but that the Kaiser had picked out France's African empire for his own. It has been Germany's grievance that very few vacant spaces of the earth have been left for her enjoyment. Until the day of reckoning with England shall come, the jingo appetite may be calling for satisfaction elsewhere; and undoubtedly France looked like easier game.

BULL RUN AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

Mr. Kenyon Cox has recently made the assertion that American historical subjects are particularly unfitted for pictorial treatment. But if the time comes when America shall have produced a great painter of military subjects, he will find in the first battle of Bull Run—fought just fifty years ago—a wealth of color and of picturesqueness with which to portray his representation of a nation of peace springing to arms. It was not only that the uniforms were striking, varied, and often bizarre, lacking wholly the deadly uniformity of the later days of the civil war. The ardor was high; the patriotic spirit of self-devotion even to death was stamped on thousands of young and resolute faces; precisely as it was on that of Mr. Cox's distinguished father when he took the field with his brigade in the West a week later. The camp followers, from the Congressmen down, who had come from Washington to see the easy Federal victory; the innocent inhabitants of the neighborhood, too surprised by the unwonted spectacle to seek safety in flight; and then the great beauty of much of the battlefield itself, particularly the Henry farm—what better material and setting could there be for the curtain-raiser of a fearful national drama? The painter who cannot turn back in his mind to Manassas, July 21, 1861, and feel thrilled and stirred by that spectacle of a citizen soldiery with the fate of the nation on its shoulders, lacks much, particularly the imagination to visualize an heroic history.

Half a century after Bull Run the facts about it are clearly understood. There are still echoes of the controversy between Gen. McDowell and Gen. Pat-

terson on the Federal side, and between Beauregard and Johnston on the other. But the historians are united in drawing the picture of a combat which, in a sense, stirred this nation more than any other in the long years of warfare that followed. It was the first conflict of any magnitude; it was fought almost within hearing of the Federal capital, and it was the rudest kind of an awakening to those who, North and South, believed that the war was to be merely a summer's episode, an easy march from Washington to Richmond, or *vice versa*.

More than that, Bull Run was a dreadful shock to Northern pride. If in the South it confirmed the belief of non-military circles that one Southerner could whip two Yankees, in Yankee-land it was the first of a series of poultices to be applied to the inflamed pride of country—to that absurd and insular belief that Americans were kings among men and the rest nowhere. Naturally, victims had to be found, and there were two at hand, "Bull Run" Russell and the gifted, gallant, and able Irvin McDowell. Gen. Sherman has borne testimony to McDowell's ability by saying that Bull Run was "one of the best-planned battles of the war, but one of the worst fought." For the bad fighting McDowell was not responsible; he had begged for more time to drill his green soldiers, and they could not have been expected to do better. Indeed, but for Gen. Patterson's blunder, the flight must have been on the other side and in the other direction. As for "Bull Run" Russell, true to his high traditions of journalism, he but described the rout as he saw it, and the correctness of his version has since been confirmed by other and American observers. The torrent of abuse showered upon him was merely the venting of feelings of grief, anger, and wounded pride. There was no time then to inquire calmly into the truth.

The misfortune of McDowell was of serious moment to the nation, for it led to the calling to the chief command of George B. McClellan, certainly one of the costliest of generals. But whether the Union itself ought not to regard the defeat of Bull Run as a blessing and not a disaster is after this lapse of time much discussed by the Union veterans who assembled on the battlefield to listen to President Taft. Had early success come to Northern arms the question of the freedom of an enslaved race

must have been pushed into the background. The Emancipation Proclamation was forwarded, and not held back, by every Union defeat. There would certainly not have been that prompt recognition of the import of what was going on had the defeat not caused men to take serious account of the hour, and there might have been more serious defeats later. For no rout at Bull Run would have conquered the Confederacy any more than it conquered the North. The martial spirit of the South was fully awakened, and the battle gave it, besides victory, heroes to worship—Jackson, who there received his *sobriquet* of "Stonewall"; Beauregard and Johnston, men of rare ability, brought to the front, like Lee, at the very beginning; while the Northern army, politician-ridden, had a frightful punishment to undergo before there came to the front Grant, Meade, Sherman, Sheridan, and the other successful commanders.

To-day the battlefield is strangely little affected by time, for one so near a nation's capital. Others further away are national parks, spotted with monuments, mostly atrocious in taste and art. Some columns have been reared at Manassas. Indeed, the first monument built after the war, one erected to their comrades by soldiers before they were mustered out, still stands. But, surely, no monuments are needed to give the first Bull Run its own enduring fame. Even if no painter comes to portray it, the nation's fancy must ever regard it with something of the feeling it has for Lexington and Concord. For thither came men straight from the ploughshare; the weapons of peace were but hardly transformed into those of war, and the country hung breathless on the outcome of the day.

BOOKS AND POLITICIANS.

The political crisis in England is having its particular woes for publishers and booksellers. After the paralysis of business caused by the Coronation festivities, their hopes for a period of quiet are disturbed by prophecies of political excitement which will again submerge interest in books. Nor is this the extent of the grievance of the British literary world against the political. While Coronation honors fill six newspaper columns, the literary distinctions among them are contained in as many

lines. All this is saddening, and one can only hope for better days, in which the supply of masterpieces will be such as to render crises less formidable, and the humblest writer, already invested with knighthood, will await with confidence the bestowal of the Order of Merit, admission to the Privy Council, and decoration with the Garter. There is a great fall in these unbookish times from that cultivated age when the path of preferment could be opened for an Addison by a poem that the world has willingly let die. But if our English cousins are not so fortunate as to be still living in the spacious times of mighty Anne, neither is there occasion for despair. Latin, and even Greek, are still heard in brief quotations in Parliament, while the continued familiarity of many of its members with the classics of their own literature would strike the normal member of Congress as almost uncanny.

Even in this country, indeed, the separation between literature and politics has never been quite complete. Motley and Lowell raised the esteem in which their countrymen were held abroad, John Hay had more than one volume to his credit, and, in our own time, Senator Lodge, Booth Tarkington, and Mr. Roosevelt have bravely kept up the connection. Nevertheless, for the most part not only has participation of writers in politics been lacking, and *vice versa*, but also that informal association between the two sets of men that gives such charm to English books of reminiscences. With us, Church and State have been hardly more rigidly held apart than these two interests. Politicians, and even statesmen, have usually looked with more or less good-humored contempt upon makers of books, when they have deigned to look at them at all, and their attitude has been reflected with a deepening of scorn by those whose power lay in their pens. What the politician thinks of the writer is shown by his reluctance to welcome the literary man's advice or assistance. What the writer thinks of the politician he has made plain in political novels, in which the man of politics is almost uniformly depicted as hopelessly sordid.

It is not this, however, that constitutes the painful distinction between us and some less democratic countries. Even in England the Lord Morleys are not numerous, and Disraeli the novelist

is far outshone by Disraeli the party leader. We cannot blame our House of Representatives for not boasting a larger proportion of members who have dabbled in literature. Let it be freely granted that the two fields lie so far apart that success in one of them is almost incompatible with success in the other, despite a lurking suspicion that the lower levels of literature need not be forever above the reach of our most conspicuous statesmen. The thing that stands out is the downright ignorance of the men who direct our politics of the work of those other men, chiefly of other times and other nations than our own. The increasing proportion of college men in politics would promise more in this direction if it did not coincide with an abandonment of interest in books on the part of college authorities, as well as of matriculants. It is not that we long to come upon *disjecta membra* of Aristotle or Plato, Virgil or Milton, lying in uneasy strangeness in the wilderness of the *Congressional Record*. We are not desirous of perusing something analogous to the rectorial addresses which are at once effect and cause of the familiarity of British statesmen with matters unrelated to politics, although such familiarity among certain of our statesmen would automatically raise the level of Chautauqua oratory in a considerable measure.

A closer acquaintance between books and politicians is desirable, not so much for the sake of what the politicians would get from the books—although this would be quite worth any trouble it might put them to—as for what such an acquaintance would signify. The vital thing here is not the number of books, nor even the degree of familiarity with them, but simply the love of them. It is as hard to love a good book without being in some measure like it as for a camel to do what no camel ever yet did. This is why we do not feel proud of our politicians' ignorance of literature. The ignorance is a minor defect. But what it indicates in reference to their mental fibre is not minor at all. Consider the case of Tom L. Johnson, a man who made a deep impression upon his fellow-citizens. Typical of his kind in other respects, he was not less so in the narrowness of his intellectual range. That the multitudes that followed him and held up his hands did not feel this want

merely widens the range of the indictment. The evil effect of the indifference to letters on the part of such men is particularly noteworthy because, more especially in a democracy, they are regarded as in a peculiar way the embodiment of the possibilities of the country. The literary leaven of the ubiquitous and speech-making politician would go far toward leavening the whole lump. Only, he must first be leavened himself.

THACKERAY AND OUR OWN TIMES.

I.

The author of the "Book of Snobs" would have derived a great deal of amusement and a handful of moral reflections from the tone adopted by the younger literary men of to-day in framing their estimates of the author of "Vanity Fair." The dominant note is querulous. Critics are frequently out of humor because they are frequently compelled to praise what they dislike. But in the present instance the critics are irritated because they feel themselves under the compulsion not to like Thackeray when at heart they do. We can see, of course, why the present-day successors of Arthur Pendennis and George Warrington should feel compelled to dislike Thackeray. The man was an Early Victorian; need we say anything more? In Early Victorian days life was a puppet-show, and men sat about on horsehair furniture discussing hollow moralities. In Early Victorian days young women bent over embroidery frames, blushed upon the slightest provocation, clung to their lovers as the vine does to the oak, languished, had vapors, read discreetly, wrote discreetly, and fainted discreetly, though not, perhaps, in coils. In Early Victorian days, young women simpered, old women gossiped, old gentlemen indulged in smug hypocrisies, young gentlemen sang sentimental ditties, and no one outside of the agricultural classes called a spade a spade. To-day we have any number of names for a spade, each uglier than the original, and not the worst of them makes our young persons faint. Literature to-day centres about the unquiet woman. Is it any wonder that the advanced critic should be angry with the man who not only gave Amelia Sedley to the world, but who actually was fond of her, and said so? The same man, it is true, gave us Becky Sharp; and that suggests a common difficulty with the Early Victorians. As a class it is easy to brush them away. Individually their writers had a knack of anticipating the things we are doing to-day, and of doing those things, after their own fashion, very well indeed. The situation is a perplexing one, and what is a modern critic to say under the circumstances?

Under the circumstances, the modern

critic says a great many foolish things together with a great many unconsciously true things; the result being a delightful mass of inconsistency. Under the circumstances, the London *Nation* is driven to find fault with Thackeray because "no artist was ever more absolutely the mind and voice of his age, and none was so little conscious of the limitations under which he worked." This is startling censure in an age that cherishes poets because they are the unconscious bearers of strange messages. And how frequently have we been called upon to admire the scalawag whom a higher power has made the unconscious mind and voice of his age. The same journalistic pen that produced this arraignment of Thackeray in the *Nation* has very probably written again and again of Shakespeare that he is for all posterity because he wrote for Elizabethan apprentice boys and yokels. In the case of Thackeray it is a misdemeanor that he should have written for Early Victorians, and that he should have deduced his views on life from the life he saw. "Oh, that the gracious powers would send me an old aunt, a maiden aunt, an aunt with a lozenge on her carriage and a front of light, coffee-colored hair," prayed Thackeray on one occasion. "How my Julia and I would make her comfortable." Oh, that the powers might send me this sort of critic, the aspiring young writer might pray; a critic who shall damn me for being absolutely the mind and voice of my age, who shall accuse me of having the power to make men, fifty years after my death, breathe "the intolerably stuffy air" of the drawing rooms I describe, to make them suffocate with me when I suffocate, to make them admire the puppets I admire, and laugh at the antics I laugh at. How I would cherish such a critic; how I would send him free copies of my book; how my wife should invite him to our bungalow for the week-end; how my daughter should play Parsifal for him on the mechanical piano. Sweet, sweet vision! Foolish, foolish dream!

II.

They cannot forgive Thackeray his century. He was an Early Victorian, and the qualities which in the writer of any other age would be dismissed as trivial or irrelevant assume in an Early Victorian enormous proportions. The *Saturday Review* feels the period painfully. "Art for art's sake," it says, "has been a reality since the cave man sketched the mastodon. But to the Early Victorian outlook it was anything but that. Balzac he [Thackeray] declared 'unfit for the salon.' Dumas to be about 'as genteel as a courier,' and Victor Hugo 'profoundly immoral and absurd'; the nudity of Etti's Nymph he pronounced 'unfit for appearance among respectable people,' the contemplation

of Greek art—and he had some of the best to look at—left him 'in a state of unpleasant wonderment and perplexity.' For a man who wrote great books, he was curiously interested in inessentials."

For the critic of a writer of great books this critic is curiously interested in inessentials. What has art for art's sake to do with the author's personal outlook and tastes? The only proper question you can put to him is whether his men and women are alive. Thackeray might have been fond of taking his soup after his meat instead of before, and yet have given us Rebecca Sharp and Thomas Newcome. Becky and the Colonel are none the less vital because Thackeray did not hold our present views with regard to the nude in art. As long as the puppets amuse you what business have you peeping behind the curtain to see whether the performer has a beard or takes beer with his luncheon? This same *Saturday Review* critic would never have ventured to pick a quarrel with Rebecca West or Nora of the "Doll's House" because Ibsen disliked children and music and flowers. Let us be bold, but let us also be fair. Let us guard against the animus which one critic betrays when he blurts out that many people will be pleased to have a new edition of Thackeray with his "small world of indestructible existences—even if a fondness for other methods may have made them disinclined to repeat the pleasure of reading him." These are remarkable words in the mouth of a priest of art for art's sake, who would have the truth and the whole naked truth. It amounts to this: "You have created a number of 'indestructible existences,' you have portrayed Truth and given pleasure in doing so. But I don't like the way you went about it." That is apparently the difficulty with Thackeray. He tells the truth, but somehow it is not naked enough for our modern tastes.

One favorite way of expressing the sharp differentiation which the modern spirit draws between itself and the spirit of the Early Victorians, is to say that the Early Victorians loved phrases and that we to-day deal in grim realities. The distinction is clear cut and untrue. The Victorians loved phrases and circumlocution, but we, when we fall into the habit of sneering at Early Victorian smugness, stuffiness, and cant, are ourselves pitifully guilty of phrase-making. "He saw in his Victorian dolls," says one commentator, "formed and shaped and disfigured by the mental corsets of the period, the eternal feminine." This is typical of our phrase-mongering. When we speak of the women of fifty years ago we must say dolls and puppets, we must mention embroidery-frames and anti-macassars, wax-work under glass, Friendship's Garlands, and Rogers groups. Does it occur to the thoughtful critic that under these tem-

porary surfaces very real men and women must have lived in the age of Victoria and Albert? Yes, the truth does occur occasionally to the honest and thoughtful critic. The writer from whom I have just quoted is constrained to follow up his sentence about corseted dolls with a sentence that reads like a worse reproach, but is really an anchor dropped to windward. "His Amelia Sedley," it says, "was for him Woman; and if anything else was Woman it was Becky Sharp." But isn't that very much better already? Why not go on? If anything else was Woman to Thackeray it was Laura Pendennis; and if anything else was Woman to him it was Ethel Newcome; and if anything else it was Beatrix, and Rachel Lady Castlewood, and the Countess of Kew, and Blanche Amory, and Miss Crawley, and Mrs. Bute Crawley, and Sophia Alethea Hobson Newcome. We miss in the procession the figures of Thomas Hardy's Tess and Sue, of Anna Karenina, of Hedda Gabler, of Paula Tanqueray, and others of the modern, undisfigured, and uncorseted sisterhood. But not even in the presence of these women who are very real to him, can the modern critic call Thackeray's women dolls and puppets, without falling a victim to the cant phrase. There is no need of entering here on an elaborate defence of the Early Victorian age, that stuffy, suffocating age which witnessed the year 1848 and the triumph of European democracy. In that stuffy Victorian atmosphere Darwin devised the foundations of modern science, and Spencer created a stupendous philosophical system, and Cobden rebuilt English commerce. We in this country caught the manner of the English Victorians. Our women, too, embroidered and fainted. And yet American womanhood in that period rose to a height of idealism and courage and efficiency that no period since then has rivalled. Then were laid the foundations of the woman's movement, and women did their full share in lighting the fires of a great war in order to emancipate a race.

No, the Victorian men and women did live, though evidently Life then did not have the pungent, Bohemian meaning it has since acquired. "We read our Thackeray distracted and indignant," says one modern militant. "It is the world of the forties and the fifties described by a man who believed that it would endure, who believed, indeed, that it always had endured." But he did so, oh gentle critic, in the sense that he believed certain human passions and human reactions would always endure and had always endured. Thackeray did not believe that side-whiskers and crinolines and Wellington boots would endure. In those days, little boys when writing to their fathers addressed them as "Beloved Parent"; our little boys to-day probably write "Dear Pop." But

we venture to believe that the splendor and the pathos and the tragedy that marked Thomas Newcome's love for his son Clive have not become impossible during the last fifty years. The things that Thackeray thought permanent he has indicated plainly enough. "What stories are new? All types of all characters march through all fables; tremblers and boasters; victims and bullies; dupes and knaves; long-eared Neddies giving themselves leonine airs; Tartuffes wearing virtuous clothing; lovers and their trials, their blindness, their folly, and constancy. With the very first page of the human story do not love, and lies, too, begin? So the tales were told ages before Æsop; and asses under lions' manes roared in Hebrew; and sly foxes flattered in Etruscan; and wolves in sheep's clothing gnashed their teeth in Sanskrit, no doubt." If our commentator is really exasperated by the contradiction he finds "between the Book of Life and the Annals of Early Victorian England," it really seems as if he should have to wait for a new and completely revised edition of the Book of Life.

III.

Like Thackeray the Victorian, Thackeray the writer is the sad victim of much hackneyed faultfinding. It is the proper thing to say of Thackeray that he moralizes. It is also the proper thing to say of him that he pictured only the narrow little world he saw. The two indictments are mutually destructive, but both are nevertheless the proper thing to say. It is the proper thing to say of Thackeray that he was a sentimentalist, and it is the proper thing to say that he was a cynic. The two characteristics are, on the face of it, mutually exclusive, but they are the correct things to say of Thackeray. Every critic of modern sympathies speaks of Thackeray's puppets, but every critic also points out at least one character or one book that is not puppet-work, but palpitating life. When you draw up a list of everything the various modern commentators like, you find that modern criticism finds nearly every character in Thackeray vital and indestructible; nevertheless the proper thing to say of Thackeray's characters as a whole is that they are puppets. This may not be quite consistent, but possibly consistency, too, is an Early Victorian virtue.

And the irony of this all is that we cannot even claim the credit of having invented the labels we apply to the man. Thackeray himself gave them to us. If he had not spoken, on the first page of "Vanity Fair," of his puppets, probably no modern critic would ever have had the courage to call them that. If he had not been in the habit of referring to himself expressly as a sentimentalist, a cynic, a Manager of the Performance, we should not now be bab-

bling these phrases about him *ad nauseam*. With all our shrewd wisdom we moderns are fearfully naïve and very apt to take a man at his own estimation. And Thackeray professed not to take himself seriously. He did not announce that he was at work upon a *Comédie Humaine*. He did not, like Zola, proclaim a new literary method and proceed forthwith to build up an entire microcosm. He did not set to work after the dreadfully serious manner of our serious younger novelists to transcribe Life. We know how even the most honest of book-reviewers must work hard to escape the ready-made opinions supplied in publishers' advance notices. Thackeray was his own press-agent, puff-writer, interviewer, and reviewer. "The famous little Becky puppet," he tells us, "has been pronounced to be uncommonly flexible in the joints and lively on the wire; the Amelia doll, though it has had a smaller circle of admirers, has yet been carved and dressed with the greatest care by the artist." So critics have taken the man's word for it.

Could he really have meant all that he said in depreciation of himself? Was the ironist and cynic poking fun at us all this time? Was the Manager of the Performance peeping through a hole in the curtain and laughing at the critics whom he had fooled with his clever press-notices? Now and then the modern critic shows signs of suspecting the Manager's game. No, this is not a puppet world, he will admit; this is a real world, only it is a narrow little Early Victorian world. They call Thackeray narrow and grow angry with him, though they have no fault to find with the modern young novelist who picks out a little corner of a little country and plies his camera assiduously. Early Victorian or what not, to what extent does our present-day literature see life more clearly or more honestly than Thackeray did?

IV.

"Modern" is a difficult word to play with, for the reason that it means just what it says. The term is purely chronological, and not at all descriptive. The modern spirit is the spirit of recent years, and the only way to distinguish it is to say that it is opposed to the spirit of things that are not recent. The modern spirit is, as a matter of fact, proud of its faults and its inconsistencies; of these it has quite enough. It describes itself as a spirit of discontent, of ferment, and of ceaseless quest. But above all things, it is complex, which is to say, it sometimes does not quite know its own mind. The modern spirit embraces the hedonistic anarchism of Ibsen and the Christian anarchism of Tolstoy. In H. G. Wells it means the reorganization of society in a rigid Socialistic spirit, and it means also a standard of individual morality that

would be pretty sure to play the mischief with any social system. In Mr. Galsworthy it means humanitarian reform of the kind Dickens and Charles Reade advocated, and a poetic mysticism that has no care at all for progress and reforms. The modern spirit is on the side of the downtrodden masses and still yearns toward the ideal of the Superman. It puts emotion above intellect, temperament above character, yet loves to think of itself as scientific. Take the modern, intelligent young woman. She will admire, with a wonderful catholicity, Björnson's snow-white idylls and Wedekind's disgusting impudences. She will sigh with Méliande and gasp with Salome, respond alike to the sensuousness of the Arab dance and to Parsifal, aspire toward the freedom of the pagan world and pursue vegetarianism out of horror of taking animal life. She will blend into one emotional confusion her sympathies for the working-girl, for woman's emancipation, for Japanese art, for the State endowment of motherhood, for Echegaray, for Whitman, for school-feeding, for trade-unions, for revolution, for the Greek costume, for aviation, for the nineteenth century B. C., and a few things besides. Whether such a concrete modern young woman as I have described is to be found outside of the books I don't know; I doubt it. But neither was there in Thackeray's time any one young person who fainted, embroidered, simpered, clung, etc., after the fashion we have made into a formula. In any case, I know that there are modern critics who study life through literature; and through their writing runs the same conflicting note, a vast Christian humanitarianism and a great longing for moral individualism. In this specific field of literary theory they are torn between the feeling that literature should be actual, purposive, progressive, combative, and the formula of art for art's sake.

Tested by this modern formula of art for art's sake, the moderns do not come off best against the Victorians. The greater part of Meredith, Hardy, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, Shaw, Wells, Galsworthy, Brieux, Hauptmann, Sudermann—all the great names in the modern catalogue—is thesis literature. The thesis may be an isolated problem or an entire life-philosophy. But rarely in these men is the character-painting so superior to the theme as with the Victorians. Which of them has written as completely about People as Thackeray did? The profoundest of the moderns may have depicted Life better than he did, but not living beings. In subtle psychologizing we have surpassed the Victorians; but psychological schemes are not men and women. When Meredith was a Victorian he drew living people like Richard Feverel and Nevil Beauchamp. When he grew modern he drew a puzzle picture entitled Sir Willoughby Patterne. Even

in Hardy, who, among all the moderns, has most of the creative gift of the Victorians, the theme obtrudes.

I have tried conscientiously to find out why we of to-day should feel it our bounden duty to be disgruntled with Thackeray, and I can find only that at the bottom of the quarrel is simply a difference of mannerism and formula. Our honest critic said as much when he declared that "a fondness for other methods" makes us incapable of deriving from Thackeray the pleasure which as a great artist he should give us. We want the truth, but we want it proved to us in our own way. Well, that may be just enough. Only, if it comes to a question of standards and formulæ, our own have no higher sanctity than those of the Victorians. Imagine how a modern author would treat Sir Pitt Crawley of Great Gaunt, Street and Queen's Crawley, Hants. Here is as fine an example of the satyr as the heart of the most modern realist could desire. Thackeray has not sentimentalized him; has not fallen into mealy-mouthedness; has displayed little respect for Mrs. Grundy. Yet what would the present-day writer do? It is easy to imagine how he would go at the business, the splendid emphasis on physiological detail, the detailed depiction of rampant animalism, the frank brutality, the use of medical terminology, the care to leave nothing to the imagination. I haven't the least doubt there are a dozen writers to-day who could make Sir Pitt a dozen times more disgusting than Thackeray made him. Whether he would be made more real is another story.

V.

But the most striking instance of how different our manner is from that of Thackeray's contemporaries is connected with the strange case of Amelia Sedley. Now, Amelia was a good woman, and to-day we are not interested in her kind. I do not mean to be unfair. I know there is a fine moral fervor in the way we work to extend the meaning of a good woman so as to include Thomas Hardy's Tess and Dostoevsky's Sonia. To do so is, of course, a special pleading rather than art; but let that pass. We are engaged to-day in proving that strength in woman, as in man, is better than passive goodness. This, too, smacks of special pleading rather than of art; but let that, too, pass. We are engaged to-day in ridding the world of the parasitic woman. That again is missionary work rather than art; but we will not press the point. Only this point must be remembered: because we are more interested to-day in restless women than in quiet women; we are not by that very fact any nearer to reality. Interest in the unquiet woman is not altogether a modern trait. They wrote about temperamental ladies in Greek,

and chanted proverbs about her in Hebrew, and probably made epigrams about her in Etruscan. Thackeray himself has contributed more than one portrait to the gallery of bad women. But the great offence in the creator of Becky Sharp is that he sinned against the light; he could draw bad women, and he was fond of Amelia Sedley. Perhaps we might have forgiven him his doting fondness for Amelia if he had failed to do—what we moderns seem unable to accomplish—make this good woman interesting.

In the long run we shall be compelled to forgive Thackeray for being interested in Amelia Sedley, as we forgive Dickens for his Agnes, Balzac for his Eugénie, and Turgenieff for his Lisa. The type holds great temptations for the very greatest artists. It is not hard to see why. Consider the good woman. She loves, in the way poets have always longed for love, eternally. She suffers, in the way heroes strive to suffer, quietly. She has the strength of conquest and the higher strength of sacrifice. She knows temptation, but beats it down. She meets disillusion, and her smile yet remains. She does not challenge the moralities, but she wages fierce battles and wins silent triumphs between the kitchen and the cradle. She is Nature, because she embodies struggle beneath a surface of serenity. Her type in 1911, there should seem to be good reason for believing, is not extinct. Thackeray apparently proceeded on the assumption that some time would pass before the type would be extinct.

SIMEON STRUNSKY.

Correspondence

THE REAL MEDUSA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The discovery of some archaic pedimental sculptures in the excavations at the Doric temple of Apollo (or Artemis?) at Corcyra in Corfu, in which the Gorgon Medusa, with her offspring, is the central theme, has suggested the timeliness of this preliminary announcement of certain conclusions I have reached in a study of the Medusa myth, which will soon be published in detail.

The universal belief among scholars as well as with the general public is that Medusa was for the Greeks an evil demon, a frightful bogey, and German specialists have seen in her the personification of the storm-demons, of thunder and lightning. Her snakes, the open mouth, gnashing teeth, and extended tongue, so common in archaic art, are all supposed to be features imagined in order to inspire horror. The horrible mask is supposed to have been first imagined, and then a body, a myth, and a bogey-slaying hero were invented.

My own conclusions are so different in almost every particular that I have some hesitation in announcing them without full

proof, which is all that I can do in this letter. The central idea of the Medusa was, in reality, for the Greeks, a great embodiment of fertility and fertilizing force, which, after being connected in early times with the great Mother Goddess, in her various forms and names, became associated at a later date, but still in prehistoric times, with the Sun and Apollo. When the main stress was thus shifted and the central idea, instead of being productivity with a solar connection, became solar force with its productive effects, there was gradually introduced into the Gorgon idea the element of the destructive as well as the productive energy of the Sun. Medusa became the carrier of the Sun, the solar caryatid, and this explains the kneeling posture and raised arms of many of her early figures, as well as the wings. This became embodied in the archaic age in some of the traits that gave the Gorgon a demonic aspect.

The idea of a subordinate deity or spirit, embodying the material force or energy of a more spiritual deity, was one of the theories adopted by the early Greeks from Egypt. The god Bes stands to the greater Sun God Horus in exactly the same relationship that I conceive Medusa to have stood to the primitive Artemis as Earth Goddess, and later to Apollo as Sun God. But this subordinate phase was not her first. The earliest phase is illustrated by the Cretan Nature Goddess of the Minoan age, who seems to have been worshipped in the triple form of Lion and Mountain Goddess (earth surface), Serpent Goddess (chthonic), and Bird Goddess (air). The Gorgon was connected especially with the Snake hypostasis, as appears from the later (Doric) gorgoneia of Cretan temples. Hence originated the snakes as the Gorgon's girdle, in her hands, and, in the decapitation scene, the two snakes drinking her blood. In this aspect Medusa became an *alias* of Demeter. She was not only a chthonic spirit, but a spirit of the fertile earth surface. In this aspect of the Mother Goddess, so prominent in the so-called Cybele and Persian Artemis types, the goddess is subduing the animal creation, birds and beasts, especially lions and water-birds, whom she holds by neck or tail or has as attendants. This type, at first unwinged, became winged under Oriental influences, especially Assyrian and Hittite. Now, the earliest separate plastic types of the Gorgon, perhaps as early as the eighth century B. C., and later, represent her as filling the same functions toward the animal creation as the Mother Goddess, Artemis or Cybele. She also subdues or holds or is accompanied by the same wild animals and birds. One of the latest embodiments of this type is precisely the pedimental sculptures of Corcyra mentioned at the beginning of this letter. Here Medusa is flanked by two large lions which mark her as the Great Mother Goddess, the *alias* of Cybele or Artemis, and between her and them are inserted, in much smaller size, her two offspring, Pegasus on her right and Chrysaor on her left. She reaches out her arms on both sides to embrace them, and they stand in the shadow of her great wings, Pegasus leaping up to her shoulder and Chrysaor, an athletic and heroic but small figure, stepping toward her though facing the spectator. Contrary, then, to the myth as Hesiod gives it, and far earlier and pre-Olympian, is this idea of the living Goddess with her two children in place of

their birth at her decapitation. The hostile Perseus Saga of the Olympians is disregarded. In the Corcyra pediment, then, is a seventh-century embodiment of the primitive myth and I cannot but express the opinion that in it Chrysaor, the God with the golden sword, is Apollo. We are familiar with Chrysaoros as the epithet of Apollo. I have found other proofs that Apollo as Sun God was considered the son of Medusa. The later association of the two was merely another instance of the Hellenic subordination to the male of the previously dominant female.

The connection with Poseidon and the horse, embodied in the Perseus saga, goes back to a primitive connection between the Gorgon idea and the horse, in which Medusa is at first plain horse and then Centauress acting as beast-subduing Mother Goddess, and, finally, as Centauress being decapitated by Perseus, a legend popular in Boeotia, and one of the proofs of the Demeter connection. The very early votive offerings found in the shrine of Artemis Orthia at Sparta, some of them as early as the eighth century, where the horses outnumber all other emblems, and where the Gorgon is extremely and ritualistically prominent, show the general application of this double relation of the Gorgon and the horse to the primitive Artemis.

In the organization of the Olympian system the Gorgon idea was appropriated from the primitive nature myths; but in the same way as male deities were then set at the head of the cosmic system in place of the old supreme nature goddesses, and Zeus and Apollo succeeded the Great Mother in Crete, for example, so the Perseus saga was Achaean, or Dorian, and originated as a poetic rendering of this shifting of sex supremacy. The decapitation of the Gorgon was purely a ritual act; it marked the subjugation of the forces of nature to Zeus and his system. The resurrected Gorgon was subject to his will just as the resurrected Python at Delphi was subject to Apollo. The aegis and its gorgoneion stood for the atmospheric forces at the command of Zeus; the sun and the atmospheric conditions it produces; the clouds; the rain; the thunder and lightning. Strange to say, all Greek scholars have read into the Homeric descriptions of the Gorgon's head and the aegis ideas of horror that are largely fanciful or unnecessary. With Apolline supremacy spreading throughout the Hellenic world, the Gorgon, associated at Delphi with the Omphalos (guarded by Gorgons in Euripides's "Ion") and at Delos with the earliest statue of Apollo (by Iphicartides) became a common Dorian as well as Ionian symbol. She appears on numerous archaic coins of Greek cities as an alternate for or in connection with the head of Apollo. Henceforth she is the emblem both of Apollo and Artemis, and this will account for her later association with the moon. She became the protector of cities (Athens, Argos, Tegea), and an *alias* of Athene, with whose myth the Gorgon myth has so much in common that one can almost believe in a common original.

The simple idea of productive force, having become, as I have said, complicated through the new solar connection with the destructive and desiccating power of the sun's heat in the dog-days, gave rise to a sub-myth, which is reported by Diodorus in a passage of which no use has been made,

though it is so illuminating. He makes the gorgoneion, as a terrifying monster, start in Phrygia on a devastating career, first southward across Asia Minor and Syria, then eastward to India, and then westward across Egypt and Libya to the home of the Gorgon in the farthest west at the setting sun, burning up the earth as she passes. It is the prototype of the Phaethon myth, and clearly symbolic of Medusa as the destructive sun; that the starting point is Phrygia, original home of the Mother Goddess cult, is significant.

As a representation of the opposite aspect, the fertilizing power of the sun, I will cite merely one very famous work, the Tazza Farnese, that wonderful sardonx cup by an Alexandrian artist, which has on one side the allegorical scene of the Fertility of Egypt, and on the other, covering the same field, the Medusa head.

The fact that, as soon as Greek art was sufficiently master of its technique to create a type of ideal female beauty, it created in the early fifth century the type of beautiful Gorgon, and that from this time forward Greek art consistently represented Medusa as *beautiful*, does not seem to have conveyed any meaning to modern archaeologists who have persisted in their ascription to her of nothing but horror and ugliness. A glance at the gems in Furtwängler's "Antike Gemmen" should have been sufficient to explode this fallacy. Yet the fact of her double nature ought to have been clear from the legend that the blood of Gorgon had the double and opposite properties of both curing and killing! I desire particularly to emphasize the fact that the intense type of the Alexandrian age which replaced the calm broad beauty of the Gorgon of the fifth and fourth centuries has been entirely misunderstood by modern critics. This new facial expressiveness has been dubbed "pathetic" and has been supposed to express the sufferings of Medusa. This supposed pathos is expressed in the contraction and overhanging of the brow, the accentuation of lines about the eyes, and their wide-open lids. Now, the real object of the sculptors in creating the new type was to express not suffering, but the forceful expulsion of the sun-rays from the eyes. It is observed commonly in heads of Helios and some late heads of Apollo, and finds its literary explanation in the legend reported by Apollonius Rhodius that all children of the Sun could be recognized by the rays that darted to a great distance from their eyes. There is good reason for connecting the tumbled and abundant hair with the clouds gathered by the sun, the wings and perhaps the snakes in the hair with the lightning, the open mouth with the thunder.

In this connection it is important to note that in the archaic type of Medusa, those elements that seem most horrible (and they were not by any means always used), and the surest indications of the artist's intention to portray her as an evil demon, are in reality nothing of the kind. They were due to the inadequacy of art at that time to convey in any better way the ideas of elemental force and activity which were ascribed to Medusa. The open mouth, hanging tongue, and bared teeth were nothing but an artistic convention for the thundering voice of Medusa. The one or two large snakes associated so often with her were chthonic emblems, and symbols of fertility

and resurgence, as well as emblems of the righteous dead, the *agathodemons*. There certainly was anything but an association of horror with these snakes, attributes of so many of the gods. Then, again, the serpents in the hair and around the head are so arranged in many archaic examples as to prove that they stood for the rays of the sun, and for nothing else; just the substitutes for those hundred dazzling gold tassels of the Homeric ægis that struck with wonder when shaken in the sunlight. In this corona of snakes, sometimes proceeding from a gold sun-nimbus that surrounds the Medusa head, the snakes are connected not with the head, but with the solar aureole, and radiate evenly from the entire circle! The medallion in which Medusa heads are so commonly enclosed is another form of the complete solar disk. To show the breadth and certainty of this solar connection, I shall add merely the fact that quite irrespective of any discussion as to the much-vexing relationship of Apollo and Helios, there can be no more question as to the reality of the connection between Medusa and Helios than of that between Medusa and Apollo. Of this I have many proofs, but will mention only one well established fact. The symbol of Sicily, recognized since Homer as the sacred land of the Sun, is the *triquetrum*, also the symbol of Lykia, the early centre of Apollo cult. Now, in Sicilian coinage, beginning with Agathocles (c. 315 B. C.) the *triquetrum* is given with a Medusa head in the centre, together with sheaves of wheat, and in one case the connection is emphasized by the addition of a bust of Helios in the ground. The double connection of Medusa is here given, with both Helios and fertility, and Sicily was noted for its fertility. To bring this down to Roman times I may mention an official consecration of Medusa as the emblem of fertility. It is a coin of Septimius Severus, with the legend *Providentia*, where the emblem is the Medusa head, whereas the common figure for this is a woman with a horn of plenty. Many hundreds of Hellenistic and Roman monuments can be cited in which Apolline emblems, solar and fertility ideas, horns of plenty, fruits and garlands and grain, are associated with Medusa. In fact, there is a virtually unbroken tradition from Minoan times, over a period of more than fifteen centuries, which presents Medusa as a great nature-force, evolving and varying as mythological points of view changed, and as the types of gods were developed. She throws light on the personalities and relationships of many gods; of the old Mother Goddess, of Cybele, Artemis, Demeter, and Erynis; of Zeus, Athena, Poseidon, Apollo, and Helios, and even of Nikê. It would not be impossible that she should give an accrued importance to Apollo as the predecessor of Dionysus and Orpheus, as god of the hereafter and the blessed Hyperboreans, as guide in the expiations and purifications that lead to the Elysian Fields. Medusa really stands out as what her name implies, the "Ruler" of the universe in so far as blind natural force is concerned, guided by the gods. She is no more an evil demon than Apollo.

A. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Princeton, July 19.

THACKERAY AND "PETER WILKINS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In "Henry Esmond" (book iii, chapter 4), Beatrix, after an allusion to Desdemona's death, says:

"And I want no such ending. I intend to live to be a hundred, and to go to ten thousand routs and balls, and to play cards every night of my life till the year eighteen hundred. And I like to be the first of my company, sir; and I like flattery and compliments, and you give me none; and I like to be made to laugh, sir, and who's to laugh at your dismal face, I should like to know? And I like a coach-and-six or a coach-and-eight; and I like diamonds, and a new gown every week; and people to say, 'That's the Duchess. How well her Grace looks! Make way for Madame l'Ambassadrice d'Angleterre. Call her Excellency's people'—that's what I like. And as for you, you want a woman to bring your slippers and cap, and to sit at your feet, and cry, 'O caro! O bravo!' while you read your Shakespeares and Miltons and stuff. Mammy would have been the wife for you, had you been a little older; though you look ten years older than she does—you do, you glum-faced, blue-bearded little old man! you might have sat, like Darby and Joan, and flattered each other; and billed and cooed like a pair of old pigeons on a perch. I want my wings, and to use them, sir."

And she spread out her beautiful arms, as if indeed she could fly off like the pretty "Gawrie" whom the man in the story was enamoured of.

"And what will your Peter Wilkins say to your flight?" says Esmond, who never admired this fair creature more than when she rebelled and laughed at him.

"A duchess knows her place," says she with a laugh.

Thackeray took great pains to be accurate both as to local and historical color, yet in spite of his care there is a curious anachronism in this reference to "Peter Wilkins." In 1712, the date at which the action in "Esmond" is supposed to occur, the author of "Peter Wilkins" was a youth of seventeen, and his famous book was not published until 1750 or 1751. The introduction and dedication are signed R. P., but the identity of the authority was not suggested until 1802, and not established until 1835, when the original agreement for the sale of the copyright was bought by Mr. James Crossley, F.S.A. Paltock died in 1767. His book has elicited the admiration of Coleridge, Southey, Scott, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt, and it is worthy of all their appreciation.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Manchester, Eng., July 12.

A CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent from Lancaster who deplores the study of Greek and Latin because their literature was not founded on Christian ideals challenges comparison with the caliph of Alexandrian Library fame. "To know what the English, the Germans, and the French are now doing" (*vide* Kipling and Bernard Shaw, Zola and Anatole France, Haeckel and Nordau) is more valuable as training for the young than to waste time with such old fogies as Æschylus, Thucydides, or Demosthenes. The golden age of Carnegie and Mrs. Eddy has nothing to learn from the golden age of Pericles. Your correspondent who holds a brief for science as well as for Christianity should explain to what extent such non-Christian subjects as chemistry, physics,

economics, or engineering can be permitted to crowd the literature of the modern Christian nations for whom the ancients must make way.

JOHN CADWALADER, JR.

Philadelphia, July 21.

Literature

ASSYRIAN HISTORY.

A History of Sumer and Akkad. By Leonard W. King. With map and illustrations. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$4.80 net.

Following close upon the earlier history of Babylonia in the new edition of Eduard Meyer's "Geschichte des Altertums," comes the elaborate treatment of the subject by Mr. King of the British Museum. The present volume is the first of four which are intended to cover the entire range of Babylonian-Assyrian history. The work will undoubtedly take its place as the standard authority on the subject, replacing earlier ones, and distinguished from Meyer's learned and brilliant exposition by its greater detail. The appearance of King's volume illustrates, on the one hand, the growth of the material during the past two decades for the study of the earlier periods of Euphratean civilization, and on the other the progress made in the interpretation of Sumerian texts, which constitute our main source for these periods. While much remains to be done before scholars will be able to read Sumerian inscriptions with the same ease and facility as those written in Babylonian, yet sufficient advance has been made to inspire confidence in the interpretations now proposed. The chief difficulties still encountered in the treatment of the earlier periods of Babylonian-Assyrian history arise from the many gaps which must be left to further excavations to fill out, and from the uncertainty still prevailing in regard to the chronology prior to 2000 B. C., while in the case of the history of the northern extension of Euphratean civilization known as Assyria, the uncertainty begins when we try to pass beyond 1500 B. C.

The general tendency of recent Assyriological scholarship has been to reduce the high dates which it was customary about a decade ago to assign to certain rulers of the south. The lower dates now assumed have been brought about chiefly by the discovery of some additional "synchronisms" between rulers of various districts of the south. Mr. King himself has had a large share in these discoveries, and it is to him that we owe the more generally accepted fact that the so-called first and second dynasties of Babylonia did not succeed one another, but were in large part contemporaneous. The result has been to bring the date of Hammurabi (or rather

Hammurapi, as the name is probably to be read)—the great conqueror and law-giver with whom a new epoch in Babylonian history begins—down to about 1950 B. C.; and this involves carrying down still earlier rulers like Sargon and his son Naram-Sin several centuries even below the correction of one thousand years that was proposed and quite definitely established by a German scholar, Professor Lehmann-Haupt, about ten years ago. We may now say with tolerable certainty that Sargon's date is not earlier than 2600 B. C.; and the possibilities are that his reign is nearer to 2500 B. C. Mr. King's date of 2650 B. C. is certainly too high, for the assumption involved of an interval of 250 years between Sargon and the beginning of the Ur dynasty is hardly warranted. At the excavations at Nippur, the stratum of the days of the Ur dynasty was found immediately above the pavement of Sargon, and, since all indications point to a rather short duration of the kingdom of Agade established by this ruler, an interval of 150 years between Sargon and Ur-Engur, the founder of the Ur dynasty, would appear to be as large as can safely be assumed. With dates of Sargon and Hammurapi fairly well fixed, we are in a much better position to follow the general course of events in the Euphrates Valley. The significance of the conquests of Sargon, who obtained control of the entire Euphrates Valley and extended his dominion outside of these limits, consists in their foreshadowing of the ultimate triumph of the Semites.

What Mr. King has to say in his Introductory chapter on the relationships of the non-Semitic or Sumerian population of the Euphrates Valley to the Semitic settlers reflects on the whole the present view of most scholars. He goes perhaps a trifle too far in asserting that the Sumerian origin of the Babylonian civilization is "no longer in dispute," and that differences of opinion at present centre on the period at which Sumerians and Semites first came into contact. Questions of origins can never, or at all events rarely, be settled to the entire satisfaction of scholars. In the case of the Euphrates civilization a working hypothesis is the best that one can hope for. We are sure of one thing—viz., that at the earliest period to which we can trace back the history of Babylonia, the population was of a mixed character. Since civilization everywhere arises through just such a mixture, the more reasonable conclusion is that the culture of the valley was neither purely Sumerian as King supposes, nor purely Semitic as Halévy and his adherents (who deny the existence of Sumerians and of a Sumerian language) suppose, but Sumerio-Akkadian, that is to say, of a mixed character, in which, to be sure, the Sumerian element at first strongly pre-

dominated. But it does not follow from this that the Sumerians represent the oldest and original settlers. On the contrary, a number of facts seem to point to the Semites as the first in the field, entering the valley at a remote period from Central Arabia and making permanent settlements; while the Sumerians, coming as conquerors from the mountainous regions to the east and northeast, furnished precisely that stimulus needed to promote the beginnings of a genuine culture. Be that as it may, the conditions presented at the time that historical records become available show the Euphrates Valley divided into a number of districts, each grouped around some city as a centre, and with both Sumerians and Semites in the land. Chief among these centres are Lagash (or Shirpuric), Nippur, Umma, Uruk, Ur; but such is the dearth of material for the early period that only general glimpses of the course of events can as yet be secured.

Mr. King is to be commended for his reserve in using this material. Instead of indulging in speculations and elaborating theoretical reconstructions on slender threads, he confines himself to a general sketch of Sumerian civilization as resulting from the study of the early works of art, and to an indication of the relationship of these various centres to one another. From designs on votive offerings, (chiefly religious in character), on stone, copper, ivory, shell, and the various materials used in the preparation of seal cylinders belonging to this early age, we can as a matter of fact obtain a pretty definite view of the stage of culture reached at about 3000 B. C. We know a good deal of the methods of warfare, of the weapons that were used by Sumerians and Semites, as well as their dress and something of the organization of the armies. Numerous business documents, forming to a large extent official archives of the temples in various centres, reveal the many-sided business activity—loans and sales, farming of lands, dealings in cattle, wines, oil, grain, and various field products—in all of which the temple organization had a share. The seal cylinders show us the modes of worship, the way in which the gods were pictured, the form of the temples, the style of the altars, and other furnishings of the temple; while in addition to this the designs supplement in important particulars our knowledge of the current myths as derived from the literary remains belonging, for the greater part, to the later periods. All this is set forth in an admirable manner by Mr. King, who with a complete mastery of all details skilfully weaves the mass of information to be gleaned into a picture at once fascinating and impressive.

When it comes, however, to filling out the general picture with historical details, the gaps in our knowledge be-

come most painfully apparent. Thanks to extensive excavations conducted by De Sarge and Cros at Teloh—the site of the ancient political centre of Lagash—we can follow the fortunes of this place and its relation to other centres for a period of about one thousand years, but only in a very general way. The rulers of Lagash now appear as victors extending their dominion over a considerable portion of the southern part of the Euphrates Valley, but not able to make much headway towards the north, where the strength of the Semite settlements lay. Periods of triumph are succeeded by reactions in which the rulers are unable to disguise their forced submission to other centres. Leaving aside details which would carry us too far, we can trace a double movement in this earliest period, one toward a combination of the centres of the south, leading eventually to the formation of the empire of Sumer, the other a growing rivalry between the states of the south and those of the north, or, in other words, the struggle of the Sumerians and the Semites for supremacy.

A definite indication foreshadowing the ultimate triumph of the Semites is to be seen in the Semitic names borne by rulers of Kish—for a long time the most formidable rival of Lagash. Lying considerably to the north of Lagash, it was naturally more subject to the influence of the Semitic settlers, who gradually obtained control of it as well as of other centres. Despite the checks that the Semitic advance received, by the year 2500 B. C. an energetic ruler of Agade succeeded in obtaining control of both the northern and southern sections of the Euphrates Valley. With Sargon as the King of Sumer and Akkad a new epoch in the history of the district begins. To be sure, the kingdom established by Sargon and handed down to his son, Naram-Sin, was of short duration, so that within about a century after the latter we find a powerful Sumerian dynasty established at Ur, the five rulers of which (c. 2300-2200 B. C.) called themselves "Kings of Sumer and Akkad." But the conflicts between Sumerians and Semites continued almost uninterruptedly, and finally led to the complete eclipse of Sumerian control. Several centuries elapsed, however, before this was brought about; we find rulers of Lagash, though not assuming the title of "King," regaining a considerable degree of autonomy, and we see another Sumerian centre, Isin, rising to power after the downfall of the Ur dynasty.

The centuries following upon Sargon are marked by a striking advance in architectural and general artistic construction. Gudea, one of the *patesis* of Lagash, appears to have been particularly active in this respect, for in addition to his work on the great temple E-Ninnu at Lagash and other sacred

structures in that centre, he has left us no less than ten statues of himself, chiselled with remarkable skill out of the hard diorite imported by him from northern Arabia.

With the fall of the Isin dynasty and the rise of rulers distinctly Semitic, who had established their centre in the city of Babylon, the first volume of King's valuable work breaks off. The sixth member of this dynasty was the famous Hammurabi, who completed the work of his predecessors by the complete overthrow of the one serious obstacle still remaining to the Semitic domination of the Euphrates Valley—namely, the district of Elam to the east of Babylonia, which had always proved a troublesome neighbor and at various times, both before and after Hammurabi, had succeeded in gaining a foothold in the valley and, indeed, in controlling its destinies for a while.

The closing chapter is devoted by Mr. King to a discussion of "Cultural Influence" of early Babylonia on "Egypt, Asia, and the West," and will be of special value to those interested in the general bearings of Euphratean culture on other ancient centres of civilization. Mr. King here reveals himself as a student and thinker in the best sense of the word. It is one thing to decipher inscriptions, and interpret them, but quite another to discuss satisfactorily the larger and often elusive problems of "influences." One must have, above all, an open mind to change one's views when the discovery of new material calls for this heroic task. So Mr. King was once inclined to ascribe to a supposed Semitic invasion some of the most characteristic traits of Egyptian art, architecture, and religious beliefs and practices, including the embalming practice. But he now modifies his opinion in view of the proof furnished by Dr. Reisner's excavations at Naga-ed Der and other early cemeteries in Upper Egypt, and by those of Naville in Abydos, which show a continuous development of civilization without any break between the Neolithic period and the early dynasties of Egypt. The resemblances between Egyptian and Babylonian civilization must, therefore, be accounted for in some other way. In part, they are due to those natural coincidences for which we must always be prepared, in part to the unquestionably Semitic elements in the earliest population of the Nile district. As in Babylonia, so in Egypt civilization is due to the stimulus exerted by one ethnic element upon another representing a different quality. This mixture, showing itself also in Egyptian speech, produces results in the domain of beliefs and practices as well as in tendencies of art that recall conditions prevailing in the Euphrates Valley. Much simpler is the problem of the mutual influence exerted by Babylonia and the districts ly-

ing to the east upon one another; and in an appendix Mr. King calls attention to some of the results of the Pumpelly Expedition in Turkestan (under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution), which point to a much larger centre of "Sumerian" culture extending far into the interior of Asia. The problem is hardly ripe for solution, but there is surely nothing improbable in the supposition that the "Sumerians" represent a chip of a very early civilization—crude, to be sure, in many respects—which spread at one time over a considerable territory.

Mr. King also touches upon the vital question of the extension of Euphratean influence through Western Asia Minor and thence to Crete. Here Syria forms a natural link, and there is no longer any reason to question the early contact of those heterogeneous groups of peoples known as the Hittites with Babylonia. As more and more Hittite sites are explored, the traces of direct Babylonian influences become more pronounced; and Dr. Ward has recently shown by his thorough study of the "Seal Cylinders of Western Asia" (Carnegie Institution, 1910) how in return Hittite views modified Babylonian conceptions of some of the indigenous deities. Without accepting the views of such extremists as Drs. Winckler and Jeremias, who would make all ancient civilization to a large extent mere modifications of Babylonian culture, King makes out a good case also for Babylonian influence in Crete in the introduction of writing on clay by means of a stylus, replacing the older practice of engraving the Minoan pictographs on seal-stones. Until, however, more substantial progress shall have been made in the decipherment of these pictographs, the further specification of this influence must be left in abeyance. Meantime it is of importance to have established, as King has done, that a supposed extension of Sargon's conquest as far as Cyprus turns out to rest upon the error of a scribe, who in a later copy of an account of Sargon's reign wrote "Sea of the West" (i. e., the Mediterranean) instead of "Sea of the East," by which the Persian Gulf was meant. The evidence to be derived from the finding of Babylonian seal cylinders in Cyprus also turns out to belong to a later period than had been supposed—so that for the present the thesis that Euphratean culture made its way into proto-Grecian settlements by means of Syria and Asia Minor, and not by a direct extension from the Mediterranean coast at an early period, remains the most probable.

Scholars and all interested in the story of mankind's past will look forward with interest to the continuation of Mr. King's work, upon the thorough character of which he is to be warmly congratulated and commended. By his

previous work, he has prepared himself for a task which no other living scholar—with the single exception of Eduard Meyer—could take up with greater assurance of bringing it to a successful issue.

COUNTRY-HOUSE FICTION.

Jane Oglander. By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

John Verney. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Master Christopher. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture (Lady Clifford). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

What would the current English novelist do without his country-house and its appurtenances?—its resident squire, its neighboring lords of the manor, its village ladies and curates, its questions of county precedence, its week-end parties and its politics? London now seems to be fairly discredited as a scene. People are understood to go there for the season, and it is of use as a general asylum for distressed persons, or for persons who are in the novelist's way at Dorset Major, or Lower Escombe—or whatever modified spot may be selected for the main action. To London the maiden flees when she finds herself on the brink of hateful marriage; to London fare hero and villain alike when the country becomes too narrow for their several pursuits. But the story only thrives in country air.

Three novels of this type have come to hand almost at the same moment. In "Master Christopher" Mrs. de la Pasture (or Lady Clifford, as the title-page now admonishes us to know her) represents another of her old-fashioned heroines, triumphing over the follies and improprieties of the modern world. May Thorverton is as slender and gentle and shrinking and, so to speak, feminine, as her prototypes. Her make-up is perfect: "How pure and clear was her coloring; how lovely the curve of her short chin and delicately cut rose lips; how finely pencilled the light brown eyebrows that met above the blue starry eyes on the bridge of a straight little nose." This novelist never permits her little heroines to marry young persons of their own generation. But Anthony Denys has a straight profile, and a handsome brow, and silver-tipped curls upon it, and wears an old brown velvet shooting-coat, and dear little May falls in love with him at first sight. Anthony is the descendant of the owners of Moreleigh Abbey, now in the hands of a race of mill-made upstarts. May is daughter of that lowly clan, but her mother is a cousin of Anthony's. You see the outcome. It is for May's boorish brother to die, and for May to endow Anthony with her hand and his lost inheritance. That all this may not come about too

tamely, and that the meek excellences of her maiden may not lack a foil, the novelist gives us a picture of the modern girl, in the person of Erica Clow, daughter of a city knight, and consequently of vulgar spirit. But she has red hair and brains, and succeeds in enlivening the story not a little.

Erica is not really bad, and we gather that she is on the way to regeneration by virtue of marriage with a real aristocrat. The Athena Maule of Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes's tale is a far more dangerous person, a siren, or ghoul, if you will, of no small accomplishment. She is of Greek blood and of marvellous beauty. Years before the present action begins she has been married in Greece by an English archæologist, and has been unfaithful almost from the altar. She still ravages the quiet countryside to which her husband has brought her, with her unholy charms. Her husband is an invalid, and detests her as much as she despises him. With them lives Dick Wantele, a kinsman and partisan of Maule's. Virtually their only guest is Jane Oglander, a ward of Maule's, whom Dick Wantele wishes to marry, and both the Maules are fond of. She is simply a nice girl, though of a more robust type than Lady Clifford admires. General Lingard, though short of middle age, has distinguished himself in Africa, and has returned home to be a lion, and to win the hand of Jane Oglander. Chance then throws him into the clutches of the baleful Athena, and the game is on. The great general conducts himself, it must be owned, very much like a cad, and is really delivered from Athena only by the act of Mr. Maule, who drops poison into that enchantress's sleeping-potion, quite according to the best romantic traditions—only he is not caught.

The action of these two stories is purely domestic: politics are a leading feature in Mr. Vachell's novel. Verney is private secretary to Charles Desmond, party chief and member of the Cabinet. Desmond has a daughter, the beautiful Sheila, whom Verney loves, while she looks upon him as a brother. The story boasts a handsome villain instead of a beautiful adventuress. Of course, his birth is not what it should be. His father, having amassed a huge fortune in trade, is naturally a beast; and his son, though a university man, has inherited the paternal nature and morals. His brilliancy, contrasting with Verney's steadfastness, captivates Sheila. She has a great enthusiasm for the political career, and Scaife is apparently on the direct road to political greatness. He and Verney twice contest the same borough, and Scaife wins both times by a trick. Sheila and Scaife become engaged, but Verney is too much of a lady to tell the girl that Scaife is a cad and a rascal. However, in the end, the worm turns, and Scaife is cast into out-

er darkness, so far as Sheila is concerned. The English political novel must always be an object of curiosity to the American reader, who, though he may not think himself above politics, does virtually think that they have nothing to do with his private life—or, at the very least, with the private life of his women-folk. This one is told with the quiet force which belongs to all of Mr. Vachell's stories.

MORBID PEDAGOGISM.

Educational Problems. By G. Stanley Hall, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. \$7.50 net.

The material for these two volumes, which are even larger than the two earlier volumes on "Adolescence," has been drawn from the author's seven hundred or more public addresses and several score of magazine articles, and covers a wide variety of topics: the pedagogy of the kindergarten, of music, of history, and the like; the educational value of dancing; religious, moral, and industrial education; the pedagogy of sex; children's lies, child-welfare agencies—in fact, everything pedagogical. Although the chapters as they stand have been newly written and recast, it is doubtful if they would have presented a connected argument even had the printer not interfered with their "obviously proper order." Much of the work suggests a card-catalogue, or outlines of literature furnished by the author's pupils, with a running commentary of his own. The index contains more than 1,800 names. In this welter of name and detail it would be strange not to find some useful information. Nor may we deny that on occasion the author performs a service in collecting the material; nor, again, that his criticisms of existing conditions are generally keen and well aimed, and that his ideas of educational policy, where no sentimental interest is involved, are often good. In particular we may name the long and instructive chapter on Industrial Education. But any confidence that we might have in his judgment is destroyed by the constant high-pressure of enthusiasm, tending frequently toward a maudlin emotionalism, not seldom erotic, which gives the tone of the work and renders the plainest proposition an object of suspicion. And in general it must be said that the deliverances of "expert" pedagogy are not noticeably more significant, or more deserving of authority, than the judgments of intelligent, though unspecialized, common sense.

The author is astonishingly resourceful in vocabulary, but no one acquainted with his previous works will expect him to write English; and for the uninitiated a few examples will suffice: "It [the miraculous] is neither foolishness to be

eliminated and no whit less is it dogma or even necessarily fact, but something higher and more vital" (I, p. 179); "Although the plan of Columbia to train shop foremen to be teachers on the one hand, and while the labor unions on the other, might do very much, there will probably always be need for some intermediate institution to link the two" (I, p. 598); "He doubts Westermarck that this has been the chief fashion among primitive men" (I, p. 433). One is not surprised to learn that the work was written "with the printer at my heels," and only the author's statement prevents us from concluding from the state of the text that the printer denied the privilege of proof. But carelessness and slovenly construction are not the only faults. The style, like that of others who preach the failure of the humanities, is over-burdened with Latin derivations, including many originalities of the kind of "revenient," "feral-ize," "crassify," and "dedivinitize." A favorite word is "evirate." We might therefore hope to be spared the spectacle of an American university president who thinks that *vires* are "real men" (I, 674).

But why speak of form where form is despised? And if it be urged that good form stands for straight and coherent thinking, then still why? No law of contradiction rules the logic of emotionalism. It is thus quite in order that any impressive statement should elsewhere be toned down or neutralized. Nothing is more scornfully resented than the attempt to "intellectualize" the content of life; yet in industrial education, "training in manipulation under the most skilled artisans is not enough; the intellect must be appealed to" (the italics are the author's); and "to put thought into life is to idealize existence." Again (I, 6, 409, 424 ff.), race-suicide is alarming, but improbable (I, 673). Juvenile delinquency is grave, but very likely a matter of definition (I, 235). "These are educational Dark Ages" (I, 629), but a century ago the schools were far less efficient along their own line (I, 617), and along other lines things are booming (I, 564-588). The truth is that in the pragmatism of emotionalism the only meaning of a statement is its present thrill. And thus, in his enthusiasm for the teaching of the master-workmen in the trade schools of Munich, who are pedagogically untrained, the author quite unconcernedly gives the whole thing away when he says (I, 589), "Put a few bright boys in their earliest teens and a capable man in the forties who knows his business and loves it together, and we have perhaps the best possibilities of teaching and learning"—which is just what we have always thought.

The one clew to unity in the work is furnished by the principle that education must be in accord with nature.

This seems harmless enough; for doubtless few would now deny that education must be a development of the nature of the child, whatever revolution of nature this might be conceived to involve. But for the author it means the recapitulation in the child of the development of the race. And here, passing over the fact that the recapitulation theory is largely discredited among zoologists and accepted only with modification by paleontologists, let us note the motive. The race-experience is reproduced in the individual in his emotions. Accordingly, what is implied in the idea of recapitulation is the superiority of the emotional life to the intellectual; or, upon further analysis, the insignificance of the life of individual self-consciousness beside the unconsciousness of nature. "The unconsciousness of the child is rest in God"—thus Froebel. But the supreme occupation of nature lies in reproducing her kind (I, 446). And thus, as any page will suggest, the *Leitmotif* of the "Educational Problems" is that of sex.

Not content with two volumes of "Adolescence," the author offers us here, in the chapters on The Pedagogy of Sex and The Budding Girl ("the bud" is his more affectionate term), 193 pages of sexual detail which are not surpassed even by Krafft-Ebing or Mantegazza for quantity of nastiness and nudity of statement. The facts might be bolted (where they are facts), if they were served without the perfume of tender sentiment, but the combination nauseates. Nor is their relevance always clear. What, for example, is the pedagogic significance of those neurotic "confessions of representative mothers" (I, 530 ff.)? And what "representative mother" could have been induced to reply to the author's *questionnaire*? The purpose of it all, however, besides furnishing us with expert information about the "facts of life," is to set forth the need of a new curriculum, which is to be made up largely of botany, zoology, and anthropology, and the main theme of which in all the disciplines shall be the idea of sex. "In the higher pedagogy," we are told, "the altar of this new muse will occupy a very central place."

Nothing more precisely illustrates the author's turn of mind than this proposal to make sex, with all its embellishments and perversions (see I, 479 ff.), the central topic of discourse at a period when suggestibility is highest and self-restraint imperative. And yet there is probably no safer avenue to enlightenment in matters of sex than that offered by the biological sciences—provided always that the "vitalizing personal touch," of which the author is so fond, be carefully restrained. The corrupting power of the "vitalizing personal touch" is well illustrated in the work before us in the mingling of cold fact

with heated sentiment, of physiology with pious superstition; and it is precisely this that renders it worthless as a guide to the pedagogy of sex.

At intervals in his recital of abnormalities, the author pauses to wipe away a tear and explain that, "It is painful to write these things." But we beg leave to doubt it. He dwells too long and lovingly upon the theme, too carressingly upon its nastiest aspects; and we are compelled to believe that "bathing in this cosmic ocean" of subconsciousness and sex is altogether to his taste.

Elkanah Settle: His Life and Works. By Frederick Clyde Brown. University of Chicago Press. \$1.25 net.

How amazed Dryden would have been could he have known that minute facts about the life and works of his contemned rival, Settle, would after two centuries be industriously gathered, that to satisfy the curiosity of Prince Prosperity marriage registers and wills would be examined, and that even some of Doeg's most unimportant letters would be reproduced in facsimile! It is to be feared, however, that the genial founder of English criticism would hardly have understood the purposes which govern this present work. Here we have patient industry compiling facts about Settle's life, including the controversies in which he so contumaciously engaged, summarizing all his plays, and determining the canon of his works. Even as a mere compendium, the book, though useful, is not entirely satisfactory. The bibliography, for example, omits Professor Noyes's remarks on Settle in his editions of Dryden, and lists Gissing's "New Grub Street" without indicating that only in a particular passage thereof can anything appertaining to Settle be found. The date of the translation of Ovid's "Epistles," to which Settle, among more notable writers, contributed, is left uncertain; though the volume (important because containing the first work of Dryden as a translator) appeared unquestionably in 1680. In that year, furthermore, was issued "The Wits Paraphrased," with a parody on Settle's translation unmentioned by Dr. Brown.

Imperfections of this sort would be trifling, if the work aimed at more important objects. It professes indeed to be a "study" of Settle, but the term seems narrowly conceived; for of studious reflection on historical or critical matters there is little. This need not have been the case. Settle—a striking controversialist at the very time when English political satire was rising to its height, a victor over Dryden in a battle of books, and an introducer of exceptionally elaborate scenery—offers many interesting problems to the student of versification, of criticism, or of

drama. To elucidate such phases of Settle's activity is, however, impossible without discussing questions of his relationship to previous and contemporary efforts in the same field. To what extent, for example, did the scenic methods of the Jacobean masque or of the drama of Louis XIV affect Settle? Again, what skill in satire, in metaphor, and in metrics made Settle's reply to Dryden rise conspicuously above such rival pieces as Shadwell's "The Medal of John Bayes"? Questions like these Dr. Brown ignores; yet until they are satisfied the peculiar character of Settle's work will remain indistinct. Settle's personality likewise is hazy. The data of his picturesque career are gathered, but from them is created no lively human being, no "Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made"—perhaps for mankind's sympathy as well.

Canada and the Empire. By W. R. Lawson. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

Since the turn of the nineteenth century there has been no country that has been more alive with interest for students of politics, and especially of economics, than the Dominion of Canada. Its settled area has been nearly doubled; its population has increased by at least one-third; new industries have come into existence under the stimulus of protection and bounties; and politics are more closely interwoven with trade and commerce and with transport than in any other Anglo-Saxon country. Moreover, while the Dominion extends over half a continent, all this development has been in four or five provinces—that of most interest in three only—and consequently within easy compass for the student of economics. But despite the abundance and availability of material for economic study, it has been left chiefly to Englishmen to undertake it, and Mr. Lawson's "Canada and the Empire" is an important and valuable addition to the books embodying such study.

Of noteworthy value are the chapters on Dominion, provincial, and municipal finance, where on the whole Mr. Lawson's criticism is distinctly favorable. The chapters on immigration and Dominion lands are more outspoken than any book on Canada written by an Englishman since H. R. Whates published his "Canada, The New Nation" in 1906. In view of the fact that the vast area of country between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains—the territory out of which Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta have since been carved—was a free gift by England to Canada at Confederation in 1867, Mr. Lawson is disposed to conclude that for the last ten years, at any rate, British immigrants have not had too liberal treatment. He

concedes that some Englishmen who have emigrated have been troubled with an excessive egotism and an inconvenient thirst; also that it was undoubtedly a mistake to send out thousands and thousands of Londoners without making sure beforehand that there were openings for them. But that, Mr. Lawson insists, was the mistake of the Canadians; and he holds that it was scarcely generous for them, when they discovered their error, to turn upon the misplaced Londoners and abuse them as undesirables. His answer to this abuse is a reminder to the Canadians that as regards labor supply they have had some cheap bargains from the old country as well as some bad ones. Mr. Lawson's book will not stimulate immigration from England, for he is positive in his statement that the northwest will soon cease to be a poor man's country, and that brain and muscle are no longer the only requisites for success in farming in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta; and he is not more hopeful as regards opportunities in the cities:

What has been going on for years in the preference of alien to British labor will extend gradually to all the skilled trades and the professions. The ideal Canadian immigrant is the man out of whom most work and the heaviest kind of it can be extracted for a dollar and a half or two dollars a day.

Ever since Canada went on a protectionist basis in 1858, Parliamentarians at Westminster and English writers have been candid in their criticism of Ottawa politicians. Mr. Lawson is no exception. Touching on the land policy, he declares that never in the history of colonization has public land been given away so lavishly as it has been by the Dominion Government. The trail of the politician and the grafter is over it all. Until 1896 the railway builder and the speculator had made most out of the magnificent heritage that the Dominion had received from England. In 1896, with the incoming of the Liberal Government, there was a change of policy. The watchword of the Liberal Government was "Not an acre more for the railways—all for settlers."

But settlers is an elastic term, especially when the definition of it is left to a minister with hosts of political friends and clients. It does not necessarily exclude a good Liberal worker with electioneering gifts and a strong claim on his party; still less does it bar a member of Parliament with a good record for loyal voting and active electioneering. Hence it happened that while quarter sections were thrown open under severe restrictions to the poor homesteaders, large blocks fell into the hands of the clever politicians without any restrictions at all. It was "easy terms" all round for them; pay their own price at their own convenience; generally they were not called upon to pay until they had

arranged a sale to some British or American syndicate at 500 per cent. profit or more.

The net result of these and other conditions, as Mr. Lawson sums them up, is that "there is a lot too much politics in Canadian finance"; that "three-fourths of the big fortunes conjured out of land, lumber, and railways have a political taint."

Notes

Harpers announce a new and complete edition of the works of William Dean Howells, in uniform style. There will be illustrations, and to each volume Mr. Howells furnishes a bibliography. The first issue, consisting of six volumes, is now ready. It contains: I, "My Literary Passions" and "Criticism and Fiction"; II, "A Hazard of New Fortunes"; III, "London Films" and "Certain Delightful English Towns"; IV, "Landlord at Lion's Head"; V, "Literary Friends and Acquaintance"; VI, "Literature and Life."

An Alphabetical Index of the nineteen volumes of the *Yale Review* from 1892 to 1911 has been printed. It is arranged in three parts: An Author Index of Articles, A Subject Index of Articles, and An Index of Publications Reviewed.

In a special Riverside Press edition Houghton Mifflin Co. has brought out "Some Family Letters of Thackeray, Together with Recollections by His Kinswoman, Blanche Warre Cornish." Mrs. Warre Cornish was formerly Miss Ritchie, and her Recollections are printed with the approval of Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie.

Hereafter the publications of the University of Chicago Press will be handled in Tokio, Japan, by Z. P. Maruya & Co., as regular agents.

F. R. Harris, who has had access to unpublished documents at Hinchinbroke, has written a "Life of Edward, First Earl of Sandwich, 1652-72," which is announced for publication by John Murray.

The second volume of Monypenny's "Life of Benjamin Disraeli" (Macmillan) will appear next October.

A valuable aid to the critical study of the text of the Bible is the reproduction of the ancient manuscript, the Codex Sinaiticus, preserved in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg. This is being made by the collotype process, in facsimile from photographs by Professor and Mrs. Kirsopp Lake. The New Testament part, including the epistle of Barnabas and the fragment of the Shepherd of Hermas, was issued last month from the Clarendon Press.

In the green and gilt series of the Oxford University Press there now appears a page-for-page reprint of "The Kilmarnock Burns" of 1786. The text is reproduced literally, except for three or four obvious typographical corrections, which are duly noted.

In the excellent series of Historical Guides, instituted by the late Grant Allen, and published by Henry Holt & Co., the volume on "Christian Rome," by J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank, has been issued in a second edition, revised.

Those who have read the two volumes of Lady Holland's Journals, edited by Lord Ilchester, will welcome another volume from the same editor, which gives "The Spanish Journal of Elizabeth Lady Holland," omitted in the earlier publication (Longmans, Green & Co.). The substance of the present volume is an account of two journeys in Spain, the first in 1802-5, the second in 1808-9. It cannot be said that either of the trips furnished matter for the journalist as interesting as her earlier travels in Italy before her union with Lord Holland or as her later experience when she was mistress of Holland House. The narrative is rather abrupt and the anecdotes and characterizations somewhat hurried. Yet there is much to interest. The Hollands were travelling as private persons, but their position in the Whig party gave them a kind of official recognition wherever they went, and enabled Lady Holland to see and hear at first hand the scandalous doings at the court of Charles IV in Madrid, where the shameless queen and the iniquitous Godoy (the "P. of P.," prince of the peace, Lady Holland usually calls him) set the pace for a degenerate society. There is a good deal about Hookham Frere, who was then minister to Spain, and who, in Lady Holland's opinion, "was better employed for his credit, and ours as editor and poetaster of the *Anti-Jacobin*." The second part of the journal was written down in the height of the Peninsular war, and, though disjointed, gives a notion of the confused state of affairs under the Junta, with the members of which the Hollands were in close touch. In the appendices are printed a group of letters, and in the preface the editor quotes from a document in the handwriting of Lady Holland, which relates how she concealed her daughter from Sir Godfrey Webster, her first husband, by dressing the child in boy's clothes, and thus smuggling her into Padua. Lord Ilchester has added notes where these were necessary to explain the text. Not the least interesting thing in the volume is a series of brief character sketches at the end of the first section of the Journal. We seem to be transported back more than a hundred years, when we read: "The D. and Dss. [of Medinaceli] are served at table by gentlemen on their bended knees. They are both narrow-minded and illiterate, and associate with none of their equals, being constantly surrounded by monks and priests."

An interesting feature of the Eighth International Prison Congress, held at Washington in 1910, was the publication and distribution of four volumes on "Correction and Prevention" (Sage Foundation) in the United States. Dealing respectively with "Prison Reform," "Penal and Reformatory Institutions," "Preventive Agencies and Methods," and "Preventive Treatment of Neglected Children," and including contributions from nearly two score of the leading American authorities on these different subjects, the series gives a clear and comprehensive view of the progress and present status of prison and reformatory methods in this country. Especially valuable are the last two volumes, the work of Prof. Charles R. Henderson, president of the congress and editor-in-chief of the series, and of Dr. Hastings H. Hart. A feature that is particularly pleasing is the entire absence of that boastful quality that

too often marks the utterances of Americans, even American scientists, when they have occasion to review our achievements for the edification of Europeans. The books are tastefully illustrated and elaborately indexed.

In his "Wider Use of the School Plant" (Sage Foundation) Clarence Arthur Perry has brought together interesting accounts of the novel uses to which school buildings have been put in different American cities. That the schools may advantageously be employed for evening classes and lectures for adults is now generally admitted. Mr. Perry demonstrates that they may be used successfully out of school hours, also as centres for organized play and physical culture, as headquarters for neighborhood social and political gatherings, and even as convenient locations for day nurseries, dispensaries, and child employment bureaus. As a description of current experiments in broad and enlightened school administration the book is admirable. Its usefulness would be even greater if the author had been willing to draw conclusions in regard to the relative value of these different experiments, but perhaps he was well advised to leave this difficult task to the discriminating reader.

The Calendar of State Papers, Colonial Series, America and West Indies, has reached its fourteenth volume with the issue of the portion relating to the year 1701. Mr. Headlam, the new editor, is making excellent progress with this indispensable work, but at best the advance is slow. In his treatment of his documents he is much more accurate and thorough than was Mr. Sainsbury, and in his prefaces shows none of that grotesque dislike of the colonists exhibited by Mr. Fortescue. The volume now issued is largely concerned with preparations for war and colonial defence, with pirates, with negotiations with the Indians, and with the political complications that arose in nearly every colony as the aftermath of the revolutionary movements of 1689. Mr. Headlam continues to record errors in Doyle's history and to point out the frequent inadequacy of its treatment. As illustrating Doyle's neglect of the opportunities that lay at his very door, Mr. Headlam can call attention to the fact that the official documents, the loss of certain of which Doyle lamented, were lying all the time among the records in the repository in Chancery Lane. In fact, no period of American history is so inadequately represented in printed documents as that which extends from 1695 to the middle of the following century, and there is not a treatise or monograph now written that will not need entire revision eventually, unless the writer has seen in manuscript beforehand the documents that Mr. Headlam is calendaring. As Englishmen complain that American writers are unfamiliar with the niceties of English usage, particularly in the matter of titles, so we may complain of English writers that they take no pains to familiarize themselves with the proper spellings of American names. Wycoming (Wyoming), Cascobay, Depeyster, Schaackhook (Scaticook), etc., look strange to American eyes. Unlike his predecessors Mr. Headlam has an eye to language and philology as well as to government and administration. He calls attention in his preface to Bellomont's use of "on

the carpet" earlier than any recorded in the Oxford English Dictionary, to Penn's writing: "other provinces cut us out," and to the curious word "Corobenness," found in a Maryland document, which, from its context, Dr. Skeat suggests may have arisen from the running together into one word of the "commonness of the crime of robbery." The explanation seems as extraordinary as the word.

The double section of the "Oxford English Dictionary" (Frowde), running from Scouring to Sedum, is exceptionally barren of long and diverting articles, and at some points seems weak in illustrative material. For the word "scrapper," admitted as slang, and curiously illustrated by a passage from Mr. Riis's "Roosevelt," merely the meaning "a pugilist" is given. In all seriousness, "a person of pugnacious temper" should have been added as a derivative sense. The earliest quotation under "sectionalism" is taken from the Newark Journal, July, 1858, as cited by Bartlett. An earlier example may be found in the Radical Abolitionist, January, 1857, p. 55: "Strength there, will be loss at the North, and thus a party not obnoxious to the charge of 'sectionalism' may be attained." A more classical instance occurs in Lincoln's Cooper Institute address of 1860, where he speaks of Washington's warning against "sectionalism" in the Farewell Address. Washington, however, does not actually employ the word. "Secessionism" is another "ism" that became conscious of itself at about the same period. Oddly enough, the first case of its use recorded by Mr. Bradley is dated 1898. We note the occurrence of the word forty-two years earlier in a clipping printed in the Radical Abolitionist, November, 1856, p. 40: "We do not believe he [Col. Fremont] will have a man in his Cabinet who is tainted or tainted with abolitionism or secessionism." Mr. Bradley takes his first instance of "seceder" as applied to the Southerners in our civil war from the Saturday Review, December 7, 1861. For earlier examples, see the Principia, edited by William Goodell: April 27, 1861, p. 604; May 4, 1861, p. 610; May 18, 1861, p. 628. The synonymous "secessionist," apparently a later coinage, is carried back by the help of Bartlett only to 1860, though an examination of contemporary newspapers would probably yield an earlier date. By 1861 the newspapers bristled with the new term; for an example, this from the New York Times, June 30 of that year, under the head-line, "Secession Deviltry in Kentucky": "A fight occurred between two Unionists and two Secessionists in Graves County, in which one Secessionist was killed and the other had his arm shot off"—three months after the fall of Fort Sumter. With the outbreak of hostilities, "Secessionist" and "secession" seem—though they are of course not wholly synonymous—to supplant "Disunionist" and "disunion." It is regrettable that some one with access to the periodical files was not set to ferreting out the history of these words, for in the search there would be much historical as well as linguistic edification. For two now delightfully fatuous editorials bearing on this subject we commend to the random reader the issues of Harper's Weekly for December 10 and 17, 1859. While the little Abolitionist organs with fiery voice are proph-

esying war, the imperturbable editor of Harper's announces that the serious business of the next Congress will be the banks and the tariff—"As to disunion, both parties know too much for anything of the kind." The features of this number are an account of Mr. Ward in Pekin and chapters of novels by G. W. Curtis and Wilkie Collins. In very small type, under "Domestic Intelligence," the public is informed of the execution of John Brown and the readiness of South Carolina for secession. In the next issue this far-sighted journalist declares that "the disunion party—so far as we are enabled to learn—is no stronger in the South than the radical abolition party in the North. Both are mere noisy minorities." All that is necessary, he thinks, to restore entirely good feeling between North and South is an intelligent interpreter, who shall point out that the teapot tempest is kept stirring by a "parcel of politicians."

The appearance recently of the last volume of the revised edition of "Goethe's Gespräche" (5 vols.; Leipzig: Biedermann; imported by the Bruno Hessling Co., New York) marked the completion of a worthy undertaking, and one that will be of great service to students of Germany's greatest writer. In our notice of the first two volumes (Nation, May 12, 1910), outlining the plan and scope of the compilation, attention was called to the probable share of the assistant editors in the work, as the announcement of their actual share was reserved for the preface to the last volume. From this preface it appears that they were all to serve in the capacity of advisers when called upon. Some idea of the amount of work involved may be obtained from the catalogue of sources and the number of items. There are above 3,900 items (the first edition had 1,800), drawn from nearly 600 publications, besides a number of manuscripts, many of which are here printed for the first time. Soret's diary records, hitherto accessible only in the German translation of Burkhardt, are here printed in the original French, from the Weimar manuscript. Having obtained permission to publish this original text, the editor has eliminated certain of Eckermann's conversations based on Soret's accounts.

In the treatment of his sources Biedermann's method is in general sound, though his text is not wholly free from small errors, and his omissions, always indicated by a special sign, cannot be said to have been uniformly well-advised. In a few cases the omitted words contain impressions of Goethe's personality or accounts of his doings, and ought to have been retained for the sake of completeness. His plan of relegating to the notes less important items and such as would interest only specialists may appeal to the reader more forcibly than his judgment as to the relative importance of specific items. But there is room here for difference of opinion. In the commentary he has modified considerably the plan followed by Lyon in the first edition, addressing himself to the less informed reader rather than to the specialist, and transferring biographical notices to the index of proper names. In view of some of these facts it is to be regretted that the editor did not engage the full collaboration of the scholars named on his

title page, since the importance of the work would have justified the extra cost of production. The admirable index of printed and manuscript sources, with a specification under each of the items drawn from it, including those scattered through the notes, is followed by a chronological index of the items, with a reference under each to its source, and a few corrections that would ordinarily be found in the list of errata. The next index is that of persons and places, which is followed by one of subjects, and another of Goethe's personality and works. This elaborate and helpful system of indexes, which greatly facilitates the finding of the material on specific topics, was inserted in spite of the admonition of the late Zarncke not to make it too easy to find things, and the editor is to be commended for ignoring such advice. The idea of a full index has been too generally scorned by German authors and editors in the past, and every departure from that attitude is greeted with pleasure on this side of the Atlantic. The new edition of the "Gespräche" is a vast storehouse of material, of varying biographical and critical value, and is indispensable to the study of German literature in general, and of Goethe in particular.

Under the title, "War Paulus Epileptiker? Erwägungen eines Nervenarztes," one of the best nerve specialists in Europe, Professor Seeligmüller of Halle, discusses an old problem, but with new results. The author analyzes carefully all that Paul says in his letters concerning his physical condition, and concludes that his ailments were not of an epileptic character, chiefly because epilepsy is a painless disease. The work, which is in part directed against Dr. H. Krenkel of Dresden, is published by Hinrichs of Leipzig.

In the Imperial Parliament building in Berlin there was recently an exhibition of the pornographic literature, pictures, and the like issued by conscienceless publication houses of Germany. It appears that there are no fewer than fifty-two firms in the Empire that are devoted entirely to the printing of such corrupting trash, and that these have fully 8,000 employees and 30,000 agents. Special interest was aroused by those specimens which were procured from such public institutions as orphan asylums and kindred establishments. The Germans have inaugurated a crusade against this nefarious business.

An unusually valuable *multum in parvo* is the sketch of fifty pages by Professor Ad. Deissmann of Berlin, entitled "Die Urgeschichte des Christentums im Lichte der Sprachforschung" (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr). The author shows with marked acumen what light the technical terminology of primitive Christianity—such words as Messiah, Abba, Maranatha, etc.—throw on the origin and development of the Christian system. Naturally the pamphlet is only an outline, but it is exceptionally instructive and suggestive.

Not only has the recent increase in the number of students attending German universities been very great, but this is especially true of the female students, of whom there are now more than as many again as in 1908-9, when they were first admitted to Prussian universities. During the past year they have risen from 2,169 to 2,552. Of these, 2,100 are Germans and the rest (452)

foreigners from different countries, including Asia and Australia, of whom nearly the half are Russians and about a third North Americans, while 30 are Austrians and Hungarians. The studies to which the women are now more and more inclined to devote themselves show on their part a strong predilection for branches of learning that will procure them the best positions in life, such as that of the head of a higher educational institution. Thus, during the past year the number selecting philosophy, philology, and history has increased from 1,217 to 1,438; mathematics and natural sciences, from 313 to 423; medicine, once extremely popular, only from 512 to 549, and dentistry from 31 to 38, while cameralistics and agriculture show a diminution from 58 to 55, jurisprudence from 42 to 26, pharmacy from 7 to 4, and evangelical theology from 6 to 4. The French universities had 4,000 female students last year in the following departments: philosophy and philology 2,149, mathematics and natural sciences 453, medicine 1,148, law 150, and pharmacy 54. Of these women 1,773 were foreigners, and in Paris alone 2,121 were matriculated. In France women constitute 12.5 per cent. of the whole body of students, in Germany only 4.4 per cent., of whom nearly a third (695) are in the University of Berlin, 250 in Bonn, 203 in Göttingen, 198 in Munich, 158 in Heidelberg, 155 in Freiburg, 129 in Breslau, 107 in Münster, 91 in Königsberg, 82 in Marburg, 81 in Leipzig, 78 in Greifswald, 69 in Jena, 51 in Kiel, 49 in Halle, 42 in Tübingen, 34 in Strassburg, 33 in Giessen, 28 in Erlangen, 12 in Würzburg, and 6 in Rostock. Besides the matriculates there are 1,212 women who attend lectures as "hearers" without being candidates for an academic degree, making in all 3,764 as compared with 3,395 last year.

Science

The Alaskan glacier researches during the summer of 1910 by the expedition of the National Geographic Society are described by its leader, Prof. Lawrence Martin of the University of Wisconsin, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for June. The studies reveal an unusual activity in the glaciers, but whether the spasmodic advances and retreats are due to climatic or earthquake influences is still an unsolved problem. Though wonderful in size, and especially in height, in some instances they are but "shrunken remnants of their great predecessors." An enthusiastic account of the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi is given by Dr. L. L. Seaman, who predicts that on the completion of the Cape to Cairo Railway to the Congo, a visit to them will be "among the popular pastimes of the day." George Shiras, 3rd, contributes an account of an albino porcupine and a 'coon, of whom he took many flash-light pictures, some of which are reproduced in the magazine. The leading feature, however, is the illustrations of a "geologist's paradise" in the Canadian Rockies, by Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. The panoramic view, published as a supplement, is remarkable for its exceeding beauty and size. Among the most interesting of the other pictures are those of some crustaceans which he discovered, and which

were buried in the mud fifteen to twenty million years ago, and have remained undisturbed.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have issued two new volumes in their Garden Library. In contrast with the English handbooks, which sell so widely in this country, but which, however satisfactory otherwise, are likely to mislead on account of climatic differences, these excellent little manuals are thoroughly suited to American conditions. Both volumes are well made and complete. On account of the scope of its subject, "Vines," by William C. McCollom, is from this very completeness a little crowded. We wish that the author had allowed himself more space for individual species. But the book is sensibly planned and clearly written. A valuable feature is its treatment of the culture of useful vines, from the grape to the cucumber, both indoors and out. The tables summarize the book, and should be of much assistance. "Chrysanthemums," by I. L. Powell, having a narrower subject, is able to treat it more thoroughly. The amateur will find its cultural directions, which are supplemented by good illustrations, quite sufficient for the growing of show specimens, whether single blooms or many-flowered plants. Outdoor culture is discussed under both Southern and Northern conditions. The lists and tables of types and varieties are carefully made.

Somewhat late in the season "Home Vegetable Gardening" (Winston), by F. F. Rockwell, comes to the reviewer's hands. The time is unfortunate. In the late winter, when filled with anticipation of garden success, the reviewer's mood is mild; but with a spring drought, prolonged into July, and with every garden pest or disease harrying the struggling plants, he falls savagely on his prey. What does this writer say about the host of garden troubles? Yet this book, if its fundamental limitation could be accepted, is a good one. To be sure, it has its faults of book-making. In the illustrations a vegetable marrow masquerades as kohlrabi, and the San José scale as the eggs of the tent caterpillar. We are referred to a certain page for a certain picture, only to find it elsewhere. But these surface faults, which will be corrected in a later edition, need not obscure the merits of the book. Mr. Rockwell knows his subject, and his opening chapters, on vegetable gardening preliminaries, are as clear and sensible as we have ever seen. It is only when we find him, in the majority of his pages, hobbled either by a theory or by economy of type, that we realize that he is deliberately putting a restraint on himself. What we object to in this book is its parsimoniousness. It shows the fatal influence of the popular garden magazines; its chapters read like the ordinary article, limited strictly to twelve hundred words, in which only the surface of the subject can be scratched. In the case of the magazines this is of course due to the obvious policy of sacrificing individuality in the volume to variety in the several issues. All personality is planed out of the articles, and as a result the volumes of a garden magazine average the same in brief cycles of two or three years. Whether this policy is wise we are not prepared to say; but surely it need not hold with a book. Yet

in his "Home Vegetable Gardening," Mr. Rockwell effaces himself as nearly as possible. He does his best to do what has been done so many times before. It is our good fortune that here and there, when his better nature is too strong, he breaks bounds and gives the good "garden talk" that we long for. Perhaps we aim at higher things than garden publishers or editors believe practical; but we cannot but feel that the literature of this subject, taken in a better sense, is still largely to be written. We wish to make an appeal for it. All such literature is worth while, eventually even to publishers. There is something obscure in this special lack of it. Perhaps the ordinary writer on vegetables, who is nothing if not practical, repelled by the amount of gush written about flowers, has sternly limited himself—for the writer is usually a man—to the common-sense of his subject. In so doing he has failed to consider that while there surely is little sentiment to be extracted from vegetable gardening (as Hawthorne says, we pursue it only in order, like Saturn, to eat our own children), there is plenty of humor in it. Yet except for Warner's "Summer in a Garden," and a passage anent sunrises and squash bugs, buried in a Massachusetts Agricultural Report, the humor—we do not mean the burlesque—of vegetable gardening is almost lacking in print. Now humor is the priceless element which, mingled with common sense, will give life to the future book of essays that vegetable gardeners await. Surely such a book would sell. Certain passages in the present volume give us the idea that Mr. Rockwell could produce it, if only he gave himself scope.

Music

My Life. By Richard Wagner. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 2 vols. \$8.50 net.

Richard Wagners Briefwechsel mit Breitkopf & Härtel. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

The words "Authorized translation from the German" on the title page are the only information given as to the person, or persons, responsible for this English version of Wagner's autobiography. Whoever made it deserves the highest praise, for the work is superlatively well done; so well, indeed, that a person equally familiar with the two languages will find it more agreeable to read the translation than the original. In the German edition there is one paragraph which begins on page 477 and ends on page 487; this the translator took the liberty of breaking up into fourteen paragraphs; and throughout the two volumes he has improved the style by combing out, so to speak, the frequently dishevelled sentences. No liberties are taken with the text, but, simply, Wagner's sentences are, like his paragraphs, frequently subdivided, and the words and clauses rearranged for the sake of

lucidity. Wagner was seldom, if ever, slovenly in his compositions, but in his prose writings he is often inelegant, although he could, when in the mood, write pages that Heine or Schopenhauer could not have improved on. The English index, furthermore, is a vast improvement on the German, which covers the names only, and gives figures without specifications, whereas the translator's index includes subjects, and gives sufficient aid to the reader in finding what he desires. Under "Wagner, Richard," which the German index omits altogether, the English presents, in twelve columns, a bird's-eye view of the contents of the whole autobiography, page by page; an invaluable help for those who lack time or inclination to peruse all of these 886 pages. Concerning the contents of these same pages, nothing need be added now to the four-column review of the original printed in the *Nation* of May 25.

There are ten brief references in "My Life" to Breitkopf & Härtel, who have been, for nearly a century, the leading German music publishers. When Wagner was eighteen years old he wrote a note in which he offered to correct proofs for them, or make arrangements for piano forte, at less than the usual rates. Twelve years later he offered them for publication the score of his "Flying Dutchman"; and from that date (1843) to 1874 there was hardly a year in which letters were not exchanged. A few were unfortunately lost; the others, 254 in all, form the first of three volumes which are to contain Wagner's letters to his publishers, as well as their answers. The second volume is to contain the correspondence with B. Schott's Söhne, the third the letters to and from other publishers. They are all edited, with the addition of brief but helpful footnotes, by Wilhelm Altmann, already known for his volume which, as its title ("Richard Wagners Briefe nach Zeitfolge und Inhalt") indicates, contains a chronological record of all of Wagner's letters, so far as known, with brief indications of their contents.

The correspondence with Breitkopf & Härtel includes some of Wagner's most interesting letters. Though primarily business documents, they also throw sidelights on Wagner's artistic career and ideals. They are particularly interesting when he asks for advance payments, and give his reasons for urgent need. Those who have laughed or sneered at him for his borrowing propensities may find in this volume plenty of facts placing him in a more favorable light. He was creating works of art which he felt sure would ultimately enrich publishers, managers, and singers, yet he himself was getting a mere pittance for his hard labors. He was virtually compelled either to borrow and beg, or cease composing "music of the future" and produce ephem-

eral pot-boilers, like Meyerbeer and others. The details regarding the scant earnings from his operas are pitiful.

In 1843 he offered Breitkopf & Härtel his "Flying Dutchman." They were inclined to accept it, but when he asked for a small honorarium they dropped the matter. He then wrote that since "the most honorable and wealthy music-publishing house in Germany" refused to pay him for his score, he would not offer it to any one else. Confident of ultimate success, he then borrowed money of three of his friends, and thus published "The Flying Dutchman," as well as "Rienzi" and "Tannhäuser," at his own risk. In 1848, in asking Breitkopf & Härtel to relieve him of this responsibility, he proudly reported that he had earned far more than the interest on the investment; he was now willing to let them take over the operas, without asking anything for himself; but this offer came to naught, as did the offer of "Tannhäuser" alone, eleven years later, although in this case, too, he wrote that he did not demand any honorarium for himself. In the meantime he had bought of this firm a piano for 224 Reichstaler, which he was unable to pay. In an eloquent and really pathetic letter, dated April 8, 1851, he next offered his "Lohengrin" (which during the next half-century became the most popular of all German operas) as an equivalent for that debt! This offer was accepted.

It would not be fair to blame Breitkopf & Härtel for their cautiousness in gratifying Wagner's wishes. His works were so slow in making their way to even the German opera-houses (foreign countries ignored them almost entirely) that they had reasons for their attitude. In all their letters they treat him with the greatest courtesy, and most of his demands for advance payment on "Tristan and Isolde" and his orchestral works were granted. They were also far ahead of the critics in appreciating Wagner's importance in the musical world. When the Nibelung Tetralogy was produced in Bayreuth, in 1876, most of the newspapers pronounced it a failure. Yet, twenty years previously, when Wagner hoped to complete these four operas in a few years, and wrote to Breitkopf & Härtel regarding their publication, they answered that "the publication of your 'Nibelungen' is indisputably the most important and honorable undertaking which the present time offers." Yet they were aghast at his demand of \$7,500 for the publishing rights of "Rheingold," "Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung"! Being particularly eager for money at the time, he reduced his terms to virtually one-half that sum, whereupon they were inclined to close the bargain; but at the last moment they repented. They had read the poems, and had concluded that they

could not be practicably set to music. Wagner invited them to Zürich to hear Liszt play "Rheingold" and "Walküre" with the composer to indicate the vocal parts; but in vain. Ultimately, these "Ring" operas went to B. Schott's Sons.

Arthur Farwell's new "Hymn to Liberty," of which he wrote both words and music, was sung on the Fourth of July on the steps of the New York City Hall, following Mayor Gaynor's address, by a selected mixed chorus from the German singing societies of New York, under the direction of Mr. Albeke. Ten thousand copies of the hymn had been distributed among the crowd. It was also on the same day played by five bands in different parts of the city. It was worthy of this compliment, being far above the average of patriotic composition, and having a tangible melody and harmonies that, without being difficult, are not too obvious. The three stanzas of the hymn bear respectively the following titles: "The Birth of Liberty," "America," and "Prophecy."

Boston still harbors some of the most prominent American composers, and occasionally one or another pauses in his efforts to uplift his own community and undertakes a peregrination westward or to some other point of the compass. And thus it came to pass last month that the Berkeley (Cal.) Musical Association gave a reception to Arthur Foote. A programme of his compositions had been prepared, and its numbers were interpreted by several of the most prominent local artists. William Edwin Chamberlain sang a group of Foote's songs: "In Picardi," "Once at the Angelus," "I'm Wearin' Awa'," "Loch Lomond." Another group, sung by Miss Caroline Halstead, included "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," "A Ditty," "Irish Folk Song," "If Love Were What the Rose Is." Chamber music was represented by Foote's sonata for violin and piano, opus 20, and Ballade, opus 69, for the same instruments. These were played by Miss Elsie Sherman and Mrs. Marie Wilson Stoney.

Walter Damrosch will open the season of his Symphony Orchestra on October 27 and 29, with a Liszt programme (including the "Faust" symphony, with Harold Bauer as soloist), in commemoration of the centenary of Liszt's birth. Among the concerts to be given by this organization at the Century (formerly the New) Theatre, are a Friday "educational" series, designed for advanced students and lovers of symphonic music. The programmes will be devoted entirely to masterworks. An explanatory discourse of twenty minutes by Mr. Damrosch will precede each concert. The dates of the eight Friday afternoon concerts are October 27, November 10, December 8, January 5, 19, February 2, March 1, 22. The sixteen Sunday afternoon concerts will be given on October 29; November 5, 12, 19, December 3, 10, 31, January 7, 21, 28, February 4, 11, March 3, 10; 17, 24.

The late Gustav Mahler was one of the judges who were to award the \$2,000 prize offered by the Vienna Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde for a choral composition suitable for its centenary celebration in December, 1912. In his place has been appointed Julius Korngold, the musical critic of the *Neue Freie Presse*, whose thirteen-

year-old son, Erich, is writing dissonances which make Strauss's seem mild and innocuous.

Mascagni is to be musical director of the Costanzi in Rome next season. He will conduct Puccini's "Tosca," "Bohème," and "Manon," three of Verdi's operas, Wagner's "Meistersinger," and two of his own operas, "Iris" and "Ratcliffe."

Art

In the autumn the Century Co. will issue Charles H. Caffin's "Story of French Painting." It will be a companion volume to the author's histories of "Dutch Painting" and "Spanish Painting."

In our notice, July 6, of Elizabeth F. Goldsmith's "Sacred Symbols in Art" (Putnam) this statement occurs: "The metaphors from the Song of Songs, 'inclosed garden, sealed fountain, rose of Sharon, tower of David,' etc., which were so fruitful of symbolism concerning the Virgin, will be sought in vain." This is a regrettable oversight on the part of the reviewer, as these metaphors, with many others, are given on pages 86-88 of the book.

To imagine a more complacently futile book than "How to Understand Sculpture," by Margaret Thomas (Bell-Macmillan), would be difficult. Its accuracy may be judged by the ascription of one of the Dioscuri of the Quirinal to Pheidias, or by the statement that "the largest collection of ancient Greek sculpture is in the Vatican," or, again, by the hint that *cire perdu* is still much practised in Belgium." The taste of the performance may be divined by the dictum that "In the composition of figure or group right angles are disagreeable," or from the statement that in the Capitoline Venus "art has reached its extreme limit." Such books should not be published.

An interesting and characteristic example of the manner in which rare works of art are often undervalued and sold for a mere bagatelle is the following recent occurrence. In Moscow a poorly clad girl brought to the market-place for old wares a couple of portraits, for which she asked two rubles, or about \$1.50. The dealer in second-hand articles examined them, but refused to give for them more than fifty copecks, or one-fourth of this price. The girl declared that they were good oil paintings and took them to an art-expert, who decided that they were original portraits of the celebrated poet Pushkin, who died in 1837. On both portraits was inscribed the statement that they were not copies, but had been taken from life. The girl was then advised to show them to the officials of the Archaeological Institute, who, after a careful examination, pronounced them to be genuine. It was also ascertained that she had come into possession of them by inheritance without any knowledge of their origin and real worth. At the suggestion of the archaeologists, the Princess Tenischer of Smolensk purchased them for her museum for 20,000 rubles, or about \$15,000.

The long-announced official catalogue of art in Italy is about to begin with "Aosta," by Pietro Toesca. We have received a prospectus which shows that the "Catalogo

delle cose d'arte e di antichità d'Italia" will surpass any similar government publication. The size is small folio, there are to be numerous cuts in the text and in plates, and, besides the succinct description, the bibliography of each object is recorded. The scheme of this great work includes some eight thousand communes. Comm. Corrado Ricci, director-general of fine arts, to whose energy the initiation of this great work is chiefly due, reports in an introductory letter addressed to the minister of public education that the lists for Verona, Padua, Monza, Piacenza, Parma, Ravenna, Fiesole, Pisa, Urbino, Offida, Terni, Città della Pieve, Tivoli, Terracina, and Monreale are ready. The section on Pisa, by Roberto Papini, is in the press. The foreign price is reckoned at 50 centesimi the folio of eight pages. Foreign subscriptions are received at the publisher's, E. Calzone, Rome, or at any international bookseller's, at the rate of 2.50 lire for each section of forty pages.

The second part of "The Herkomers" (Macmillan), by Sir Hubert von Herkomer, misses the definiteness, vivacity, and personal tang of the first volume. Sir Hubert's reminiscences become vague; opinion and comment of no very original sort replace fact. Much of the volume is given up to a disquisition on portrait painting. The operetta which the author not merely composed but orchestrated is duly celebrated. On the other hand, his inventions in reproductive processes, which for the sake of the record should be adequately described in a book of this sort, are passed with bare mention. When Sir Hubert held the Slade professorship at Oxford he introduced the novelty of painting portraits while he explained the performance to the audience. He heard Ruskin's last Oxford lecture, and felt that the sage played egregiously to the gallery. In building Sir Hubert's country house at Bushey his father, his uncle, and he himself collaborated, and he regards the result as one of his most characteristic and successful works of art, which may well be so. Our American architect, Richardson, designed the elevations. On the whole, this sequel must be called a disappointment. What is amiss with it need not be stated, but will appear unmistakably in an extract which describes the author's feelings on first seeing the Italians. He found them frivolous and lacking in deeper sentiment. No one trained in "the England of the later Victorian period" could be contented with Italy. For later Victorianism demanded

That truth in art should be enhanced by sentiment, and that sentiment should be made vital by truth. But for the expression of that truth I needed a people who felt deeply; a people on whom life, in its manifold struggles, left its impress on face and demeanor. This I found in the two peoples whom I almost exclusively represented in my art, the English and the Bavarian. . . . But in that southern race I missed just those qualities which so often stirred my mind to artistic energy. . . . Mankind . . . must mean the embodiment of emotion, which separates him from all other living creatures, and the page upon which man's emotions are written is his face, etc.

Charles Walter Stetson, artist, has died in Rome, Italy, aged fifty-two. He went to Rome about ten years ago, where he made his home. He was born at Tiverton, R. I. In 1878, two years after leaving the Providence High School, he began exhibiting in

Providence. Exhibitions of his work were made at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia; the Art Museum in Boston and the Boston Art Club, the Water Color Society and the Art Institute of Chicago, the Pan-American Exposition, the New Gallery in London and the exposition of the Belle Arti e Cultori in Rome in 1905. He also executed several etchings, examples of which are in the Boston Museum.

Finance

WALL STREET AND INDUSTRY.

The present situation is quite as interesting as that of a year ago, though far less spectacular. It is almost twelve months to a day since the definite turn of the tide in 1910. Last July was a period of unsettlement in financial markets, culminating on the 25th in demoralization. On that date nearly every active stock on the list dropped to the lowest record of the year. On the 27th prices were buoyant on reports that an international syndicate had relieved the Pearson syndicate of heavy holdings of Rock Island, Lehigh Valley, Wabash, Missouri Pacific, and Denver. The next day, on definite confirmation of these reports, there was a still larger advance, followed by a general upward tendency through August. August 29 was memorable for its advance in cotton to 20 cents, the highest quotation since 1873. As things became settled in Wall Street general business began to slow up, the lessened activity becoming quite noticeable in September.

Twelve months have wrought a substantial recovery in Wall Street quotations. General industry, however, has failed to respond. The hope exists, of course, that Wall Street is only a short distance ahead of the mercantile world in a return to genuine activity, but this hope is not held by everybody. Doubtless the stock-market recovery has been due in large measure to the growing stagnation of general industry. During the last part of 1910 and the first half of 1911 there was an unusually pronounced tendency on the part of the banks to curtail their time loans and to multiply their call loans. In other words, for the better part of the last twelve months industrial expansion has been discouraged and Wall Street activity has been fostered, not, of course, from any settled purpose to discriminate against the one in the interest of the other, but wholly in accordance with the law that if capital cannot be advantageously employed in one way, it must seek employment in other ways.

There is no good reason for believing that "the public" have traded freely in stocks since the great break in prices in 1910, and that the Wall Street recovery inevitably implies complete rejuvenation of the financial and industrial situation in the very near future. More

probably the easy call money has enabled large professional interests to put the market where they would like to see it on paper; the real test of the situation will come with any attempt on their part to convert their profits to cash. The professional character of the market is shown quite clearly by the strong upward tendency of savings bank deposits in certain parts of the country where investment buying is usually very pronounced.

With general business as it is, and with so considerable a portion of the wage earners of the country in receipt of diminished returns, it is a tolerably safe assumption that the rise in savings-bank deposits during the past year represents in no small measure the withdrawal of money from the stock market by persons in more than moderate circumstances. It is a popular impression that the savings bank is the poor man's depository. While this is a fact, it is also a fact that institutions of this class are freely used by persons of large means. We should be surprised if we knew how many directors' fees, dividend checks, and the like were deposited here in the course of a year, pending employment in the stock market, in foreign travel, and in the purchase of luxuries. No doubt all these causes have operated to increase deposits this year, and not least of all the first.

On the whole, it cannot be reasonably inferred that the comparative strength of the stock market in recent months points inevitably to a speedy revival of general industry. So far as general trade is concerned, there are still a number of perplexing problems. Unquestionably there is going on at present a readjustment of commodity prices to meet the diminished purchasing power not only of the United States but of the entire world. In Europe, as well as in America, the cost of production has been advancing for some years, while the hours of labor have been curtailed. On their earning side wage earners have made no doubt a considerable advance. But their gain has been reflected in an excessive cost of living on the part of consumers generally, and wage earners themselves have at last begun to feel the pinch acutely on account of their enforced idleness. The Far East, which has become an enormous consumer of Western commodities; is feeling the hardship of the enhanced cost of living fully as keenly as Europe and America. It looks as if lately conditions had begun to rectify themselves.

The past year has been a flourishing period for industry in Europe, but during the last three months there have been evidences of a declining tendency in general prices. The same tendency has been noticed on this side of the Atlantic, though it does not appear to have accelerated the movement of commodities greatly. How much farther the

price decline will have to be carried in order to accomplish this end remains to be seen. Recently there have been some drastic cuts in cotton fabrics, in several cases to figures said to represent not more than 10 cents a pound for raw cotton. To any one familiar with the cotton manufacturing industry this is a most significant occurrence. On the very eve of these reductions standard cotton goods were offered at prices implying a cost of more than 15 cents a pound for the raw cotton. Briefly, the new cotton crop, estimated by some of the best judges at not far from 16,000,000 bales, has in the last week or so, with remarkable suddenness and effectiveness, begun to make its influence felt in both the raw material and finished product markets. The presumption, of course, is that the readjustment of cotton and cotton goods quotations has not as yet by any means run its course.

The situation in cotton and its products, though more spectacular than that in other industries, is symptomatic. Wool has had a more gradual decline, and is to-day strikingly below the figures at the height of the boom. Early in the year the market for heavyweight wool fabrics was in the hands of relatively few large manufacturers, who procured their dominance by price concessions. Lately the lightweight season has been opening in a manner wholly disappointing to the mills, which appear determined to keep themselves in operation even at the sacrifice of profits. There are also signs of a rehabilitation of industry at certain points on the Pacific Coast, due to more active buying of real estate consequent upon reductions in prices, and to large shipments of lumber as a result of lowered quotations. Enough willingness to shade prices is noticed throughout the country to create the presumption that the logic of events has at last been grasped.

Still, even if this is a fact, the outlook remains far from clear. The price which the final consumer pays for a commodity is the product of all the costs which evolve the commodity from its raw material to its finished state. In order that a general price reduction

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may proceed along the line of least resistance, with a maximum amount of good to consumers and a minimum amount of harm to producers, it is necessary that all these costs should decline synchronously and proportionately. But this very seldom happens: a drop in the level of prices is apt to mean industrial dislocations. Another contingency is this: it is admitted that the banks have in recent weeks put their money freely into time loans—too freely, it is said by some—and there is a chance that when the crop demand for funds arises in earnest, the existing volume of call loans will have to be curtailed materially. This naturally raises a question as to the course of the stock market this autumn.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Armfield, C. S. *The Larger Growth (Mothers and Fathers)*. Dutton. \$1.35 net.
 Aspinall, A. E. *The Pocket Guide to the West Indies*. New and revised edition. Dutton. \$1.50 net.
 Bierce, A. *Collected Works*. Vol. VIII. Neale Pub. Co.
 Blake, Mrs. W. *An Irish Beauty of the Regency: Compiled from the Unpublished Journals of the Hon. Mrs. Calvert, 1789-1822*. Lane. \$5 net.
 Buchanan, E. S. *The Records Unrolled: The Story of the Most Ancient MSS. of the New Testament*. London: John Guseley, Ltd.
 Burnouf's *Indian Buddhism*. Translated, with introduction, by W. Stephens. (Wisdom of the East series.) Dutton. 60 cents net.

Butler, J. G. *Present-Day Conservatism and Liberalism*. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.
 Cooper, C. S. *College Men and the Bible*. Association Press.
 Cooper, C. S. *The Bible and Modern Life*. Funk & Wagnalls. \$1 net.
 Cope, H. F. *The Evolution of the Sunday School*. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.
 Cruickshank, J. W. and A. M. *Christian Rome*. New edition. Holt. \$1.35 net.
 Demarest, V. *Nobody's: A Novel*. Harper. \$1.20 net.
 Ennis, W. D. *Flying Machines To-day*. Van Nostrand. \$1.50 net.
 Fitzpatrick, F. W. *Fire and Fire Losses*. Chicago: Amer. School of Correspondence.
 Fitch, J. E. C. *Mediterranean Moods*. Dutton. \$4 net.
 Frankenburg, W. *Das Verständnis der Oden Salomos*. Glessen: Töpelmann.
 George, Hon. D. L. *The People's Insurance*. From the Speech in the House of Commons, May 4, 1911. Hodder & Stoughton.
 Griffith, W. L. *The Dominion of Canada*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$3 net.
 Hammond, M. B. *Railway Rate Theories of the Interstate Commerce Commission*. Harvard University.
 Hansey, J. A., and Blackstone, E. M. *New Standard Domestic Science Cook-Book*. Chicago: Laird & Lee. \$1.50.
 Hervey, A. *Franz Liszt and His Music*. Lane. \$1.50 net.
 Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare Gesellschaft. Berlin-Schöneberg: Langenschefftsche Verlagsbuchhandlung.
 Kester, V. *The Manager of the B. & A.: A Novel*. Harper. \$1.20 net.
 Leacock, S. *Nonsense Novels*. Lane. \$1.
 Locke, W. J. *The Glory of Clementine*. Lane Co. \$1.30.
 Malory's *King Arthur and His Knights*. Edited by H. B. Lathrop. Baker & Taylor. \$1.50 net.
 NeCollins, J. E. *Glee and Chorus Book*. American Book Co. 65 cents.
 Nutting, H. C. *A Latin Primer*. American Book Co. 50 cents.

Paxson, S. *Two Latin Plays for High-School Students*. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.
 Peabody Museum. *Memoirs*. Vol. V.—Nos. 1 and 2. *Explorations in the Department of Petén, Guatemala*, by T. Maler; *Preliminary Study of the Ruins of Tikal, Guatemala*, by A. M. Tozzer. Cambridge: The Museum.
 Playfound Technique and Playcraft. Vol. I. Edited by A. and L. H. Leland. Baker & Taylor.
 Ross, J. *Leaves from Our Tuscan Kitchen, or How to Cook Vegetables*. Dutton. \$1 net.
 Siebenhaar, W. *Dorothea: a Lyrical Romance in Verse*. London: Jarrold & Sons.
 Singleton, E. *A Guide to Great Cities, for Young Travelers and Others*. Baker & Taylor. \$1.25 net.
 Smith, C. *About Us and the Deacon*. Philadelphia: Literary Bureau, Inc.
 Sprague, R. *From Western China to the Golden Gate*. Berkeley, Cal.: Lederer, Street & Zeus Co. 85 cents.
 Stewart, C. E. *Through Persia in Disguise*. Edited from his diaries, by B. Stewart. Dutton. \$5 net.
 Thackeray's *English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*. Edited by J. W. Cunliffe and H. A. Watt. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.
 Thompson, M. de Kay. *Applied Electro-Chemistry*. Macmillan.
 Unity Hymns and Chorals. Revised and enlarged. Chicago: Unity Pub. Co. 50 cents net.
 Venable, W. H. *A Buckeye Boyhood*. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. \$1.25 net.
 Vrooman, F. B. *The New Politics*. Frowde. \$1.50.
 Ward, G. O. *The Practical Use of Books and Libraries, with Teaching Outline*. Boston Book Co.
 Webb, S. and B. *The Prevention of Destitution*. Longmans.
 Webb, S. *Grants in Aid: A Criticism and a Proposal*. Longmans.
 Wood, H. E. *Echoes from Eden, or The Glorious Trio of Genesis*. Philadelphia: Winston Co. \$1.50 net.

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